GS

ALEXANDER GRAHAM.

OTONABEE.

BEING A COLLECTION OF

235 MISCELLANEOUS PIECES,

WRITTEN FROM 1848 TO 1874.

PETERBOROUGH:

JAMES STRATTON, PRINTER and PUBLISHER, GEORGE STREET.

PUBLIC ARCHIVES
OF CANADA

LEISURE HOUR MUSINGS,

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BY

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Acc. No. 36490

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PREFACE.

READER :

Excuse those lines, whatever worth,
Only for others they'd ne'er come forth ;
From me they come under no high pretence,
My object's gained if they are common sense.
My thoughts were written down as I had time—
Words thrown together in some kind of rhyme ;
My thoughts through life upon what I have seen,
And of what may be, and of what has been.
Sensible I am that they're not what they ought,
I do not claim the title of a poet ;
Hence humbly beg the readers' charity,
For any error they may chance to see.
Than be a thief, I'd rather have them poor,
And all my own ; what you have to look o'er.
Some like myself, that's not in learning high,
May chance to read them, and them satisfy.
They go from me under no lofty name,
But plain and homely, like their author—

GRAHAM.

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ERRATA.

In the preparation of a Work of this sort for the Press there are no inconsiderable difficulties to encounter, arising from reading the Manuscript and from other causes. We believe that the present little work is very free from mistakes, yet one or two have been detected.

In "The Scotch Laddies' Wish," the following verse should have appeared as the third :

A laddie once in home spun coat,
Chanced to hear people say,
Free Grants of Land are to be got
In North America.

On the 113th page, 1st verse of "To a Minister," &c., the last line is omitted and should read :

That you came here.

Few, if any other errors will be found in the Work,

POEMS.

To J. E., Esq.

Sir, on your judgment I rely,
I hope that you'll not me deny.

What I want is, for you to scan
These verses, my enditing,
For I believe that no man can
Be judge of his own writing.

For high-flown words ye need not seek,
Nor ideas bright and clear,
For they've been written as we speak,
Wha' hae nae muckle lear.

What ye think of them let me know,
For some to me have hinted—
I should not keep them shut up so,
But get some of them printed.

You being a faithful, trusty Scot,
Your judgment will decide,
If fit for printing they are or not,
In you I thus confide.

If you will do for me this thing,
Favouring a brother Scot,
Your doing so will never bring
Upon your name a blot.

For there's not anything I know,
In all you've to look o'er,
To turn a friend into a foe,
Without being one before.

A GRAHAM.

The Author's Nativity.

Scotland, land of hill and dell,
Round which ocean billows swell,
Where the fleecy flocks are seen
Grazing on her mountains green;
Where the daisies clothe the braes,
And the birds send up their lays
From the blooming whin clad hill,
And the shaded hazel dell
Where heath bells and mountain rose,
And the broom, and heather grows;
And the blooming, white hawthorn
Do the lawns and fields adorn;
And the whimpling burnies flow,
Murm'ring as they onward go
Throug'i the caverns and the glens,
Gurgling through the marshy fens
'Mong the hills and mountains, where
Clans had fought in days of yore;
And many foemen fought and fell,
Before the days of shot and shell.
And the worthies, often they
From their persecutors lay.
On the mountain, in the glade,
Had they oft to find a bed.
Cenotaphs for the holy band,
Scotland's hills and mountains stand;
Romantic are the highlands found—
But in the lowlands, all around
Are fields extending far and wide,
Cultured with taste and pride;
Where is seen the golden grain
Waving on the lowland plain,
And abundant fruit to feast
Both the heart of man and beast.
Talk of the other kingdoms two,
Be their merits great or few,
To Scotland, my place of birth, I cling;
Yet others welcome are to sing
What their own country adorn,
As I do mine, where I was born.

Hallow'd spot in every breast
Where ancestral ashes rest;
Most men wish their days to close
Where their fathers' dust repose.

The Author's Birthplace.

In Scotland, by the Firth of Forth.
Is Fifeshire, lying toward the north,
In which a town is that's called Lang,
Where I first joined the motley thrang.
Kirkcaldy, famed both far and near,
For brick and tile and earthenware;
For coal and salt, and lint and yarn
Made into cloth fit for King's wearing.
Trades there of all occupations,
There Smith wrote The Wealth of Nations,
There Edward Irwin, sad to tell,
Was to preach when the Kirk loft fell,
And numbered fifteen with the dead,
Besides the cripples that were made.
'Twas there the Revd. Shirra dwelt,
Who on the sea shore humbly knelt,
And prayed the Lord to cause begone
The pirate ships of Paul John;
A storm arose, after he'd prayed,
Which drove the pirates off, it's said.
As in other towns, all Scotland through,
They burnt auld wives for witches too.
One wise—'bove common, where was such,
They condemn'd then for being a witch.
At deeds our ignorant fathers done
The blood cold through our bodies run;
But ghosts and witches now have fled
The world since education spread;
In history only now are told
The superstitious deeds of old.
My native town, tho' far from here,
Is in my memory ever dear;
Once more through it I'd love to roam,

Review the scenes of childhood home.
In sleep I often through it go,
And talk with friends I used to know;
But when I wake with opening day,
Their phantoms all have fled away.
Now thirty years have nigh hand fled,
Since in it I laid down my head;
Twenty-five years back I've to trace,
Since I did see a townsman's face.
Kind Providence may mark a way
For us from childhood's home to stray
But not till dead and in the tomb
Can we forg t our childhood's home.

Childhood's Home.

O Scotland, thou hast been the home
Of many a mother's son,
And those who from thy bosom roam,
Still love thee, every one.

On youthful days they often think,
When 'round home they did play;
And, hand in hand, did friendly link
Merrily, the 'lee lang day.

Nor gold, nor land, nor tilted fame
Those pleasures can deface;
They all come, with the homestead name,
To memory, in a trice.

Meet Scotsman on the Indies plains,
Ask where he'd wish his tomb,
He'd tell you of his hopes and aims
T'lie near his childhood home.

With his forbears to go to rest
Who all have pass'd away,
Believing, in their Saviour Christ,
To rise, at the last day.

Tho' mingling 'mong the motley throngs
Of other nations, He
Remembers still of Zion's songs,
His family's melody.

Sung by the martyrs in the grove
Who suffered for Christ's sake,
Sung by them while their lips could move,
While burning at the stake.

Who from earth made their exit
'Midst torture, blood and flame,
Those were stars in heathen night,
Worthy the Scottish name.

Throughout all succeeding ages
They'll never be forgot,
On ancient history's pages
Their names shall never rot.

They were firm, still and unbending,
The word of God their rule,
And in time of need depending
On God them to console.

May the spirit they possessed
In Scotia's sons abound,
Then if e'er for truth distressed
In God shall help abound.

The power who still'd the raging waves
And bade the tempest cease,
Still watches o'er the martyrs' graves,
While their souls rest in peace.

Let us follow them in spirit,
Far as they follow'd Christ,
That we with them may inherit
The martyr's Heavenly rest.

Ye sons of Scotia now look back,
The price of freedom see;
'Twas thumbkin, torture, fire and rack,
That bought your liberty.

The bless'd day so long dawning,
Our fathers prayed for long,
Satan's power has long been waning—
The weak are getting strong.

The lame man, he is walking,
The blind man, he can see;
The dumb man is talking,
The captive prisoner's free.

Uniting they together
Do praise their common Lord,
Who fre'er than a brother,
Doth grace to them afford.

Scotland's Whinny Braes.

We've run on Scotland's whinny braes
With lightsome hearts when young,
Delighted with the warbling lays
Of birds that sweetly sung.

And sought the lintie's nest among
The hazel and the whin,
Watching, while the old bird sung,
The bush, her nest to win.

More happy when we got the nest,
Homeward with care to bring,
Than miser o'er his treasure chest,
Or lord, or prince, or king.

Those youthful days still cheer the mind
More than earth's glittering gold;
In memory's nook we still can find
Them legible, tho' old.

O Scotland, can a son of thine
Ere cast thee from his mind,
Altho' abroad across the line,
In search of wealth to find?

Of thee he'll think, while life retain
Her hold above the sod.
He who the martyrs did sustain
Is still the Scotsman's God.

In thee our fathers learned to praise
And bless God's holy name;
In thee they did the banner raise
In spite of rack and flame.

The standard of the cross was raised
In cavern and in den,
The God of Jacob loud they praised
Likewise within the glen.

Where shelter oft they had to seek
When hunted by their foes,
But never were afraid to speak
Tho' death their lives should close.

May o'er the world this banner fly,
Our joy and peace to crown;
Let not a Scotsman ever try
This banner to pull down.

The Auld Kirk Yard.

O' Kirks that ere I saw
The one most dear to me—
The Kirk o' Abotshaw
In my nativity;
Where the sainted dead
Within the coffin lid,
Lie in their narrow bed
In the auld Kirk yard.

Full thirty years have past
Since I left childhood home;
Dear friends since then, in dust
Lie in the silent tomb.
Where from care an' woe
Found on earth below,
They're lying long ago
In the auld Kirk yard.

Where for centuries back
My forefathers lie,
Except by fire and rack,
Some o' them did die.
When in Scotland rife
There was popish strife,
Some did lose their life
An' get nae auld Kirk yard.

When alive they had, like us,
Life's battles for to fight,
And through hardships had to pass,
Needing all their strength an' might.
But now, their struggles o'er,
They've gained the other shore—
We've yet for to explore
'Yont the auld Kirk yard.

There's many now lying there
I left in youthful bloom,
Whose health and strength bade fare
Long life this side the tomb.
But death that comes to a'
Has ta'en them a' awa';
They're lying in Abotshaw
In the auld Kirk yard.

The parents I loved dear
Are now a' lying there,
Down whose cheeks came the tear
Fu' oft for my welfare.
Sisters and brothers, too,
And many schoolmates true,
Who have bade earth adieu,
Crowd the auld Kirk yard

I've wished oft wi' a sigh
That my life would be spared,
To see before I die
The Auld Kirk Yard.
Altho' that ne'er should be,
When death shall set me free,
I hope them a' to see
Where there's nae Kirk yard.

New Year's Day, 1868.

Eighteen hundred and sixty-seven,
It now has gone and fled,
And many a one since sixty-six
Lie in their lowly bed.

Yea, many in the silent clay,
Are done with all things here,
Who, in the bloom of youth, were gay
Before the last New Year.

Many who parents' hearts did cheer,
Whom tenderness did rear
Are no more seen, but now lie low
In dust, since last New Year.

Tho' like the roses, gay in June
The sons of men appear,
Oft like them, too, they are cut down
Before another year.

In the past year the bridegroom danc'd,
Rejoicing with his bride,
But now they both lie in the grave,
In silence side by side.

Our life like to a shadow is
Too short and transient here;
The summons comes, we cannot stay
The call another year.

Each day then let us to the Lord
In faith and prayer draw near,
That you and I be fit to die
Each day throughout the year.

The Widuw's Son Restored.

Luke, 7th c., 11th v.

When all our earthly ties are gone,
And all our hopes in dust are laid,
With tears, how oft, our path is strewn,
When friends are numbered with the dead.

See yon poor widow 'mong the crowd ;
They're bearing off her only son.
No wonder that see weeps aloud ;
Her last remaining prop is gone.

Her husband, he lies in the dust ;
The rest, if any, too, are gone,
No wonder this trial seems the worst ;
He too is dead—her only son,

While she with sad lament doth mourn,
She sees a personage draw near.
And to him she does slowly turn,
When she beheld him stop the bier.

" Arise, young man," this person said,
" To be thy mother's joy remain."
The youth arose, he who was dead ;
The dead's brought back to life again.

Who can conceive the mother's joy ?
Or the awe struck company's dread ?
Moving home, with the widow's boy
Alive,—in health ;—he who was dead.

The world doth carry all away,
Dead to peace, or hope of heaven,
Until they hear the same voice say,
" Arise, thy sins are all forgiven."

Blind Bartimeus.

Mark, 10th c., 46th v.

Tho', Bartimeus, thou art begging,
'Tis not at all thy mind ;
Thou would'st rather have been digging,
Had'st thou not been born blind.

Some are passing by thee, haughty,
Jew like, when they Gentiles find ;

But they would not be so naughty,
If like you, poor and blind.

Light of day hath been denied thee,
For begging, an honest plea;
Bless'd are those who have supplied thee,
And hath given alms to thee.

But the miser, who hath passed
Without giving thee a might,
In the world will ne'er be missed,
When earth claims her lawful right.

The Lord he doth not forget thee,
Tho' you've long been sitting there;
Longer He is not to let thee
Be begging, in the thoroughfare.

Not below the Lord of glory
To behold a blind man's grief;
You'll not need to beg to-morrow;
Bartimeus soon will get relief.

BARTIMEUS RECEIVES HIS SIGHT.

A trampling of a crowd he hears;
"What doth this mean?" aloud he cries,
The name of Him sounds in his ears,
Who gives to blind men seeing eyes.

As quick as thought he up did rise,
With faith that Christ could make him see;
"No time to lose!" aloud he cries,
"Jesus, have mercy upon me."

The Saviour then a full stop made,
Saying, "What shall I do to thee?"
Bartimeus, answering Jesus, said,
"Open mine eyes that I may see."

"Thy faith," saith Jesus, from the night
Of darkness, frees thee, you've had long.
"Now, go thy way, receive thy sight"—
Bartimeus seeing, joins the throng.

The Rich Man and Lazarus.

Behold the rich man's mansion tower,
Shrub'd around, with walks between
Likewise a shadow'd ivy bower,
Where one in purple dress is seen.

Who, sumptuously fares every day
The wine cup quaffs, 'midst mirth and glee ;
Whose servants at a word obey ;
In readiness must always be

His guests the noble, and the gay,
He among them the only great ;
Whilst minstrels gay before him play,
A poor abject lies at his gate.

One sick with sores, and very poor,
Unfit to labour for his food ;
They've laid him at the rich man's door,
Because he's rich they think he's good.

Desiring with crumbs to be fed,
That from the rich man's table fall ;
Of table crumbs to make him glad,
Some think that he got none at all.

The dogs came to the gate and stood :
Their looks told they did him deplore.
Approaching him in friendly mood,
With gentle tongues, they lick his sore.

At last Lazarus bids earth adieu,
By inhumanity he's driven :
Angels around poor Lazarus drew,
And carried up his soul to heaven.

Likewise the rich man's hour doth come ;
His soul from earth doth pass away ;
Death sends his body to the tomb,
To lie and moulder in the clay.

To what place hath his spirit fled?
The word of God such mysteries tell;
Altho' the body's 'mong the dead,
His soul lifts up its eyes in hell.

How great the contrast! to relate;
In hell the rich man lifts his eyes,
Sees Lazarus, who lay at his gate,
In Abrham's bosom, then he cries:

"Send Lazarus for to ease my pain,
With water my parched tongue to cool,
For I'm tormented in this flame."
That was the end of this rich fool.

Thus shall it be with every one
Who lay up earthly treasures here,
And after worldly pleasures run,
That neither God love, nor Him fear.

Take courage, ye dejected poor,
Who suffering by disease do grieve,
In Heav'n for you there's joy in store,
If ye in Jesus Christ believe.

Lines on Viewing the Receptacles of the Dead.

Could we draw the covering off the tomb,
Remove each coffin lid;
With what surprise would we survey
The chambers of the dead.

Where once the sweet and winning smile
Could captivate at will;
Instead of smiles, a ghastly grin:
The aspect of each skull.

The eye, that one time could outshine
  The diamond's sparkling light;
And glanc'd its lightning to the heart,
  Is now eclipsed in night.

The tongue that once could fluent speak,
  Command at every breath;
No more is eloquent, or heard,
  Its cunning's lost in death.

Where are those strains of harmony,
  Which ravish'd once the ear?
The flow of language and of song,
  Which drew admirers near.

Silence, death silence, now doth reign,
  The vital sparks are fled;
Love, song, or hatred, no more stir
  The hearts of all the dead.

The pampered flesh, so lately dressed
  In costly robes, and gay,
Is now the food of reptile worms,
  That feed upon the clay.

My doom, and doom of all that live,
  Within these coffins lie;
From heaven the sentence hath gone forth
  That all mankind must die.

There may lie here, forgot, unknown,
  The ashes of the brave;
Who push'd the battle to the gate,
  Their country to preserve

Now lying low in mould'ring dust,
  They had their praises sung
Around in flowing verse, as sung
  Aloud by old and young.

But death did come and lay them low,
  Whatever was their trust;
The weak and strong together, they
  Are equals in the dust.

There rich and poor together meet,
  There's no distinction there:
The portion of each, a winding sheet,
  Last dress that mortals wear.

Let none go past in thoughtless mood
  The graveyard entrance gate,
Without being full of serious thought,
  What soon shall be their fate.

For very soon we all shall lie
  Among the silent dead,
And be like those our thoughts survey,
  Within the coffin lid.

Lines Written after the Death of a British Warrior.

Who bards are so busy praising,
  Through life caused many a sigh;
And actions, perhaps, most debasing,
  Have gone before him to the sky.

They bid us shed a tear and mourn
  For him; they say, fame claims her own.
Where are the hearts that in love burn?
  Where will you find them that bemoan?

Too many hearts have mourned their last,
  Too many tears through him's been shed.
Less praise for him, if actions past
  Were told, by them in death's cold bed.

They tell us, grateful Europe's weeping
  Over the bier, with his cold bones.
Few have seen the tears down dreeping,
  Few have heard the heartfelt groans.

How many men of noble mind,
  For mankind fought, for mankind bled?
No monument for them we find,
  No sighs, no tears for them are shed.

But since he's gone, free grace divine
May have pardon'd his sinful soul;
And joined with Lazarus to shine,
Where everlasting pleasures roll.

Lines on the Past Year, 1870.

As moments fly and days pass by,
And months and years in time roll on,
To man through life changes are rife,
And felt by those whose friends are gone.

Cheerful and gay last New Year's day,
Were parents with their children dear;
But death hath come, and laid low some
Down in the dust since last new year.

We often meet, upon the street,
Those who deep mourning dresses wear,
Whose looks express, as well's their dress,
That they have lost their partners dear.

Short as a span—the life of man,
Altho' long life all long to have.
In many a case, short is the race
Between the cradle and the grave.

Although among the busy throng,
From life to death men pass away,
They're soon forgot, when comes their lot
To mix in dust with kindred clay.

Partners may grieve as long's they live,
And children mourn the orphan's lot;
But in among the busy throng,
The dead are very soon forgot.

In the year past, war it hath cast
France into death's dark mourning weed;
On her hath come the judgment doom,
As she to other nations did.

That war may cease, this year bring peace,
Is menticned in our earnest prayers;
The art of war men learn no more,
But beat their swords into plow-shares.

Nations shall be from war set free,
When men Christ's spirit shall embrace;
But until then, war still shall reign
Among the sons of Adam's race.

In the past year, o'er deserts drear,
The word of life's been sent abroad;
And heathens wild, by sin defiled,
Through grace have been made sons of God.

It's everywhere the Christian's prayer,
The word of God to make abound;
Shedding its light 'mong black and white,
Where'er a son of Adam's found.

The time is near, when all shall hear
The gospel news of saving grace;
God's word be spread, that maketh glad
The hearts of all the human race.

This year may we, temptation flee,
Prepare before God to appear;
While moments fly, and days pass by,
And months roll on throughout the year.

Sabbath Day.

To-day our Saviour rose in power—
Triumphant o'er our foes,
And He Himself is the high tower
From which a fountain flows.

For troubled souls, wounded by sin,
This stream's a certain cure;

The vilest of the vile therein
May wash and be made pure.

Angels did sing o'er Bethlehem's plains,
That man no more should mourn;
For he who over all things reigns,
In human flesh was born.

Go shepherds, go, the angels said,
And see the undefiled;
Within a stable manger laid
You'll find the Godhead child.

A saviour born, they did proclaim
In song, a Heavenly lay;
We sing he died, and rose again
Out of the grave to-day.

And hath to Heaven gone to reign,
With power sins to forgive;
His blood can wipe out every stain—
Through Him our souls may live.

A watch over our hearts let's keep,
For prone are they to swerve.
According as we sow we'll reap;
The sluggish soul shall starve.

But who in earnest seeks, shall find,
For grace is free to all;
To the most wretched of mankind
Is sent the gospel call.

Then hear ye deaf and see ye blind,
Ye lost ones be ye found;
Let not your souls, for Heaven designed,
Be growing on the ground.

But seek to rise through grace divine,
Obey the gospel call,
Till in your heart God's spirit shine—
Christ be your all in all.

God.

Inconceivable thou,
Almighty, ever near;
No language can express
Thy majesty and power.
All that we know of thee,
Is what our eyes can see
And what our ears doth hear.

The Heavens thy power declare,
On earth thy works we view;
Yet beyond human ken
We live and move, but how
Is only known by thee,
Who doth supremely rule
In heaven, o'er earth and sea.

Then what doth thou require
Of us, whom thou ha,t made?
Who live and have our being
By power to us unknown?
Of our sins to repent,
Cleave to Him, thou hast sent,
Believing what he saith.

Man's Portion from God.

God unto man the world did give,
That he in happiness might live;
But when sin entered he did lie,
Under the curse ot God to die.
Tho' man through God doth live, and move,
An enemy he apt doth prove;
Tho' God invites him in his love,
How slow toward Him doth he move?
Altho' God threatens him with pain,
From sinning he will not refrain.
To God be still an enemy—

Sin still, altho' his soul should die.
Some seem regardless, though driven
From the happiness of Heaven.
This seems a too common spirit,
Many at this day inherit;
But the gospel seed will grow,
Which the Lord himself did sow.
The stone out from the mountain, still
Shall grow till the whole earth it fill;
God's grace throughout the world be known,
Christ claim the nations for his own.

God a Sun and Shield.

God is a sun and shield
To all his people,
Sword of the spirit yield—
They're over able.
They can run and mount high
Without being weary;
Though in dungeons they lie,
Are never dreary.
They have a light within
That's ever shining,
Whatever state they're in
Never repining.
Tho' o'er some height their foes
Would throw them over,
They know, stronger than those,
A power doth hover.
Nothing they have to fear,
For God is ever
Unto his people near.
He leaves them never;
Their comforter always;
In time of sorrow.
When finished are their days—
Their sun and glory.

New Year's Day, 1872.

Another year hath past and gone,
And through its twelve months' stay,
Many dear friends through life we've known,
Have been laid in the clay.

Parents dear, and children, too,
Now lie beneath the sod;
Which saith, dear friends, to me and you,
Prepare to meet thy God.

For we know not, if we shall be
Another twelve months here;
Many now gone had hopes to see
Their friends on this new year.

As days, and months, and years pass by,
Midst cares and troubles rife,
For sovereign grace let us apply,
Which to the soul gives life.

For out of Christ, the wrath to come
Shall ever on us fall;
But in Christ's stretched out arms there's room,
Bless God; free grace for all.

With the new year that's now begun,
New resolves let us make;
In righteous paths resolve to run,
All evil ones forsake.

Mankind are Equals in the Dust.

Midst life and death we're living here,
Soon earth from which we came,
Within her bosom disappear
Shall all of every name.

The rich and poor, the good and bad,
The wise man and the fool,
Be what they may, joyful or sad,
Death o'er them all shall rule.

To his dark cavern under ground,
He huddles all away;
The illiterate with the deep profound
Are equals in the clay.

Vile tyrants there no more are rude,
Nor kings obeisance claim;
All to the worms becometh food,
Mankind of every name.

Here they may pompous titles have,
And in their riches trust,
But kings and beggars in the grave
Are equals in the dust.

The Wicked are like the troubl Sea.

"The wicked are like the troubled sea, whose waters cast up mire and di

A wicked man, given to vice,
Is like the troubled sea;
It matters not, whither his lot
A poor or rich one be.

Whither a beggar clothed in rags,
Or king in royals clad,
Hearts full of vice, doth never cease
To commit actions bad.

He only doth enjoy a calm,
Whose heart is pure within;
The man of lust often runs fast
The downward course in sin.

There's not a vice degrades man more,
And causes more distress
Of grief and woe to him below,
Than the vice of drunkenness.

It ruins his health, it robs his purse,
Degrades him every way;
It brings him woe in time below,
And through eternity.

It's now become the ruling vice
In this, our present age,
To rulers shame, be most the blame,
Tho' sancion and engage.

Men for to sell the liquid fire
That fits men to do crime,
Nine-tenths that's done, the common run,
Through strong drink in our time.

Both old and young the downward course,
Through it, are running fast;
Death's accidental, suicidal,
Hath been rife in the past.

It really seems the christian mind
Is far from being awake,
Who ought refrain, from drink abstain,
Even for a brother's sake.

Parents they mourn, and widows grieve,
And orphans weep and sigh;
Yet all this seems pass like a dream
Before the public eye.

Poor houses, jails, and maniac cells,
Proof positive declare,
Strong drink should not be sold or bought
But only where drugs are.

The motley crowd seen shivering round
The bar-rooms under night.

Whose Wives at home in sorrow groan,
Their sufferings are so great!

Poor, hungry children round them crying,
Adds sorrow to their lot;
Want and mean fare, are often there,
Within the drunkard's cot.

'Twould make a heart of steel to feel,
To know the grief of those
Poor children dear, who suffer here
For want of food and clothes.

And yet our Legislators lay
The temperance bills aside,
Altho' that they see every day
The evil spreading wide.

There's youth reared up with tender care,
By parents dear and kind,
Who try to fill, with all their skill,
With good each tender mind.

In each they spy some anxious hope
To pay for all their care;
Some future bliss they shall possess
When hoary is their hair.

But oh, how often the reverse
From what they hoped to have,
With hopes all flown, they are brought down
In sorrow to the grave.

Perhaps a son, an only one,
Their only help and stay,
With willing soul, goes to the bowl,
And drinks his health away.

With sorrowing hearts they view the youth
Whom tenderness did rear,
Fading away, fast to decay,
No more their hearts to cheer.

Mothers may kiss their pallid cheeks,
And try their lives to save,
But for all their care, their lives to spare,
They fill the drunkard's grave.

Unwary youth are often caught
Before they stop to think;
Temptation strong, are in the throng,
To lead them on to drink.

The catalogue of human woes
Are full of scenes such;
What can be done, to stop the ruin
Of youths that we love much?

There are the Sons' of Temperance rules!
Those rules are good, and shows
The Divine will, that remains still
A cure for all these woes.

Who toucheth not the maddening draught,
Shall Rachab's blessing have;
God shall them bless, all who do this,
And shun the drunkard's grave.

The Waverly Novels.

LINES ON THE READING OF THE BANQUETS AT SCOTS' CENTENARY MEETINGS, SOME OF THE CLERGY BEING THE CHIEF SPEAKERS TO PRAISE THE WAVERLY NOVELS.

Woe me, it's sad news for to hear,
Tae a Scotch heart it's vexin',
That Scotland, fam'd for Bible lear,
Should fa' awa tae fiction.

Her preachers once indeed were saints,
Who counsel'd the unruly,
Saw tae her peoples' spirit wants,
And preached the gospel truly.

What change is this come o'er her noo ?
  Instead o' holy teachin'
At banquets her high clergy spew
  Scott's novels out like preachin'.

Was John Knox tae look back he'd think
  Them a' upon the batter,
'Midst songs and toasts he saw them drink
  Like sinners the fire water.

Was Watty Scott alive himself,
  'Twould beat him tae describe,
The wizard stories half so weel
  As Scotland's cleric tribe.

They've made, indeed, a great ado',
  What Scott for Scotland's done ;
To make fiction appear as true,
  Like him there had been none.

That has created tae the life
  In his imagination ;
Beings that ne'er were, and wonders rife,
  Ne'er heard of in creation.

That he in makin' fiction wark
  Was second tae nae other.
Mair for the world did Mungo Park,
  And he was a Scotch brother.

Had they the Scottish martyrs taen,
  'Twould been mair like their coat.
They deserve mair the nations fame
  Than e'er did Walter Scott.

Walter Scott and the Covenanters.

A man's weakness and his strength generally lie in the closest neighborhood. One great charm of Sir Walter Scott's poems and romances is their chivalric character. His own weakness was admiration for the high in rank. and the chivalry conceived as belonging to them. But the Covenanters were not chivalrous. They were merely earnest men, who faithfully endeavored to practice what they believed, and would not be compelled to practice something else. There was no glamour about them.

In short, they were just the patriots who, in the time of Charles II. and James II., stood firmly by the Constitution, civil and ecclesiastical, of their country, when "a ribald king and court," to use Sir Walter's own words, attempted to extinguish both. A healthy openness to the admission of all realities was one of the noblest features of Scott's mind; but in this direction his predilections more than once misled him. Opponents of the Covenanters had claimed the sole honors of chivalry, and called themselves Cavaliers. Many of the nobility, and men ambitious to be among the nobility, and who once signed the Covenant, deserted it at the Restoration, and passed over to the side of the "ribald king and court," and served their purpose towards breaking down the freedom of their native land. Covenanters were not all poor men, nor were they without nobility among them, as witness the house of Argyll, and of Kenmure, and of Lochinvar; but the greater number, for theirs was a national cause, were of the common people—a class of persons whom that "ribald king and court" had resolved should have no rights. The faithful perseverance in testimony for the rights of Christian men—testimony without rebellion, in the midst of incredible suffering for twenty-seven years—is one of the sublimest spectacles in the history of human freedom. Nor did they relax in that testimony until they saw the persecuting dynasty swept from the throne, and the freedom of their Church and nation established. Yet, in that heroic and successful struggle, which secured to Scotland the rights she now enjoys, Scott could see nothing but a ridiculous plebian fanaticism.—The king and the aristocracy, in the main, were on the other side, and he chose his heroes from them, chose some of his heroes from the basest traitors to his country's cause. It is painful to an admirer of Scott to think of that morning in his library when, before a portrait of Claverhouse, he and Joseph Train deliberately planned the attempt to erect that notorious personage into a hero, and to turn the pious people, whom he had harassed and murdered, into ridicule, in order to effect that end, and thereby make a startling romance. It was in this region of Galloway that Train, then an excise-man in Newton-Stewart, collected most of the material, which was not altogether invention, for that work.

PROFESSOR MOFFAT.

Scotland.

Land of worthies, who have bled
For the truth and conscience sake,
Who to death like sheep were led,
To the gibbet and the stake.

Because God's word they did sow,
Faithful to their Lord's command,
'Mong the people high and low,
Broadcast through the fatherland.

Like their Lord, quiet and meek,
Did they submit to their fate;
No vengeance on their foes did seek,
Tho' their sufferings were great.

Praying for their enemies
That God would their hearts renew,
Until death it sealed their eyes,
And they bade earth adieu.

Naked some of them were sent
Out to perish in the cold;
Sufferings that they underwent,
Half of which were never told.

Tortures of all kinds they bore
For the sake of Christ their Lord;
Their bones were bruised, their flesh was tore
For being faithful to the Lord.

When from towns they banished were
Because God's word they had sown,
To the moor's they did repair
To suffer and the church bemoan.

Often did a faithful few
Seek for shelter in some glen,
Under night their course pursue,
Remote from the haunts of men.

When they seen the soldier band
Toward them were drawing near,
Firm they stood with book in hand,
Praising God with voices clear.

Shall the names of such men rot,
Who bought Scotland's liberty;
If she's proud of Walter Scott,
Prouder of them she ought to be.

Scotland's Bards.

Ancient and modern poets they
Hae sung o' Scotland mony a lay;
They've waid the burn, an' climb'd the brae,
Nature tae know;
And loved by river banks tae stray,
Whar waters flow.

They've sung o' thissles an' o' flowers,
Traversed the glens an' shadow'd bowers,
And sailed o'er lakes an' scaled auld towers
Whar chiefs lived once;
An' Kirk, whar the deil's music powers,
Made witches dance.

O' kings an' beggars they hae sung,
An' queens beheaded, rebels hung;
Likewise o' witches, auld an' young,
Who walk'd abroad
At nicht, when they their cantrips flung
And broom-sticks rode.

They've scan'd the beauties o' creation,
Peer'd into life in every station;
The mouse left without habitation—
They've wrote upon it;
An' scan'd the louse's situation
On Misses' Bonnet.

They likewise praised the barley bree,
An' said it made their muse run free;
Tho' gallows proof they oft did see—
Near an' abroad,
They still would argue it to be—
Creature of God.

Tho' Cadger Will shud coup his cart,
Webster Jock break his mither's heart,
Or Tailor Tam lie in the dirt

A whole nicht through,
The moderate folk wi' it would nae part
Tho' some got fu'.

In days o' yore folk coud nae see
As we, the ills, o' barley bree,
But now its fruit are proved to be—
Disease and death;
Who'd live in health, a bad end free,
Now wisdom saith:

Touch not, nor taste what aye doth fill
Our country with all kinds of ill,
An' finally sends souls to hell
An' lasting wo'.
For there God's Word us plainly tell
All drunkards go.

We hope Scotch Bards will nae mair sing
O' barley bree, nor to it cling;
Some o' them's felt the adder's sting
An' serpent's bite;
Wha's sangs to Scotchmen aye doth bring
Heartfelt delight.

Memory Still to Scotland Clings.

Native hills, tho' I ne'er see thee,
Again never tread thy sod,
But thee still will I remember
Where our fathers worshipped God.

Often on thy towering summits
Did they sit and watch the foe,
Hunted so, for safety knew not
Often whither for to go.

Through zeal they fought to conquer,
'Ere the truth they would deny;

Like partridges they oft were hunted
Or on the battle field did die.

As the word of God directed,
Firm, unyielding did they stand;
Heaven's blessing them attended,
God to help them did descend.

They for liberty of conscience
Had to fight, conquer or die,
But in God they always trusted,
Who was with them ever nigh.

Foes might chase them o'er the mountains,
Hunt them out amoug the hills,
Still they met and God did worship
'Mong the rocky cavern dells.

Often cowardly are the wicked,
Servants of the Lord most bold,
God's power known in man's weakness,
Strength divine did them uphold.

What they fought for we enjoy now—
Liberty on British sod;
May the God our fathers worship'd
Be their children's children's God.

The Scotch

A LOYAL PEOPLE, BUT MUST HAVE LIBERTY OF CONSCIENCE.

TO GAIN SUCH THEY HAVE RESISTED UNTO BLOOD.

The Scotch a loyal people are
In time of peace, in time of war,
Wherever they are found;
'Mong other nations them you'll find,
United as much as any kind,
And be as much renown'd.

A Scotchman never need disown
His country or his native town,
If good his conduct be;
Their national character of old,
That Scotchman truthful were and bold,
Aye loving to be free.

Tho' slow, but sure the Scotchman is
In wealth he's oft found to increase,
And loves to see the end
Of everything he has to do—
Must see that everything works true
That he has to attend.

Upon them every nation stare,
For Scotchmen now are everywhere
That wealth is to be got;
Where'er commerce is to be found,
Throughout the earth's remotest bound,
You'll find a canny Scot.

A nation large in firmness
Hath been the Scotch, in ilk distress
They've had for to endure;
For freedom they've been very bold,
Their legal rights could always hold,
Against superior power.

They'd rather lose their king than let
A king false to the Bible sit
Upon a Scottish throne;
Cruel tortures suffered many a man,
And through the fire went many a one,
'Ere success did them crown.

They firmly stood and would not flinch
For edicts or high courts an inch,
Be rack or fire their doom;
They in the Lord did put their trust,
Who lays the wicked in the dust,
That 'gainst his laws presume.

When victory their efforts did crown,
They went and broke all idols down
That in the temples stood ;
All imagery that they could find,
That might false worship bring to mind
And lead the heart from God.

Some think they to extreme did go,
But what they suffer'd, who can know
All that on them befell ;
They butcher'd were on every hand,
The cruelties they had to stand
No tongue on earth can tell.

How would we feel it we to-day
Were not allowed to meet and pray,
Except in heathen form ?
And if we did attempt to try,
We by the guillotine would die,
Or at the stake would burn.

Or be by thumkin screws made fast,
Or turned out naked in the blast,
On frosty nights to die ;
Or be put in the iron boot,
Wedged tight until the blood oozed out,
Or in a dungeon lie.

Such suffering in the days of old,
The Scotch they suffered, we are told,
But they stood nobly out ;
The more they burn'd, tortured and slew,
More firm and brave the Scotch they grew
Till they could victory shout.

With feeling we our thoughts have cast
Upon the cruelties of the past,
Which now have passed away ;
Dead now for centuries have they lain,
And may such never be again,
While there is night and day.

On persecution, fire and rack,
In peace and quiet we now look back—
More blessed is our day;
For we can worship where we will,
And none dare say we're doing ill,
Whate'er we preach or pray.

Blest with a Queen who loveth peace,
Pattern to all her race,
Long may she live and reign;
And when she's done with all things here
At God's right hand may she appear—
A heavenly crown obtain.

On the Death of Patrick Hamilton,

One of the Scottish Martyrs.

Sufferings of Patrick Hamilton,
We, in Scottish history find,
Who died a martyr at the stake—
Collective, calm, resigned.

So slow and lingering was his death,
He wished them to be smart
With more fuel, and stop his breath,
That he might soon depart.

They tried him hard for to recant,
But dying grace was given;
He'd rather die a martyr saint,
Than be shut out of heaven.

From memory time has blotted out
Many worthies' names thus slain,
Who all left earth without a doubt,
That death would be their gain.

Who longed to be around the throne
And join those who thus pray;
How long, O Lord, will time roll on,
'Ere Thou our foes repay?

They, strength divine had to maintain,
The truth, their hearts desire;
For oft they seemed to feel no pain
When burning in the fire.

'Midst shouts of "Heretic," away
The martyrs' souls were borne
On angels' wings, with God to stay,
No more to grieve and mourn.

Ere that the Scotch true freedom got,
Through sufferings great pass'd they;
The conscience liberty they sought,
We now enjoy to-day.

Reflection.

We see good men—their end is peace,
Whate'er their suffering be,
For God is with their souls in death—
Entering eternity.

We see this in the martyrs,
Who did earth's joys partake,
That with their Lord, now in Heaven,
Celestial joys partake.

We see George Wishart in the fire;
Argyll upon the block;
Like to their Lord, how lamb like, they
Endured the mortal stroke.

They, choosing rather for to die
By halter, fire or sword,
And bid all earthly things adieu,
Than disobey their Lord.

With grateful hearts, should we look back
On what they suffer'd then,
And praise the Lord, by fire and rack,
No people now are slain.

God's word, it now for all is sown
Broadcast throughout the land;
No herald now proclaiming death
On those who it defend.

The promised era now has come,
Recorded in God's Word,
When people all, both great and small,
May truly know the Lord.

Ignorance, no one need now plead,
That's born on British sod,
For every one may now profess
The written word of God.

Dark Ages.

When superstition men inhaled,
And power o'er ignorance prevailed,
We find recorded in history,
God's Word was kept a mystery.
None durst it keep to read, or give;
If they did they might not live.
They, in whose houses it was found
Were dragged away, like felons bound,
Before inquisitors to stand,
And suffer what they would command.
It was this in our fathers' days
Which caused so many bloody frays.
In superstition's darkest hour
God raised up men, full of his power,
Who, for truth's sake, in Heaven's cause,
Stood boldly out 'gainst human laws;
Fearless of foes' revengeful ire
Which burnt some of them in the fire.
Both English and Scotch divines,
Whose name in history's pages shines,
'Gainst fire and rack did scatter wide
The Bible truth, which turned the tide;
Which now shall flow the world around,
Till God's Word everywhere be found.

Scotland in the Past.

Reading records of bygone days,
Wounded our hearts must feel;
How the Scotch worthies' faith was tried
By rack and fire and steel.

When Claverhouse murdered John Brown,
And threatened his wife to "clap,"
Down by his side, when gathering up
His brains into her "lap."

No one can read of the bloody deeds
That were committed then,
Without feeling a chilling cold
To vibrate through his frame.

Grateful we feel when looking back,
Such days are passed away,
And with them, likewise, all those fiends,
Who loved to kill and slay.

Of the thousands then sacrificed,
Through intolerance and pride,
Grievous to think it was priestcraft
That did the monsters guide.

Deeds of each ruling party then,
Were equal vile and rude;
It's hard to say which party did
Shed most of the saints' blood.

Each party, as they got in power,
Seized all who did oppose
Their doctrines; who called it false
Were sure their lives to lose.

Their vaunting talk, "We are the lords!
'Gainst us, who dare say nay?
To judge them by their works, we might
The devils, rather say.

That we live in an age of peace,
With conscience liberty;
None daring to make us affraid—
How thankful should we be?

May we enjoy the liberty,
Thus bought for us so dear;
Praying the Lord that such dark days
May ne'er again appear.

Lines Addressed to the Members of the St. Andrew's Society.

Whene'er ye meet, wi' pride think on
The deeds your auld forefathers done,
Who sought their country's weal;
And were tae death or victory led,
That kept ther hills wi' heather clad,
Wi' their broad swords o' steel.

They did not only stand an' ficht
For the land, their legal richt,
Against contending foes;
But freedom too to worship God
They'd have, altho' their blood it flow'd,
An' their lives they should lose.

There's not a nation under Heaven,
For the sake o' truth's been riven,
An' stood as Scotchmen's stood;
Bible in hand, on heathery knowes,
They worshipped in spite o' foes,
An' trusted in their God.

Tho' hunted oft, from hill to hill,
Still they would meet an' worship still—
Cleave to the sacred page;
God's praises sing. tho' foes were near,
With trusting hearts an' voices clear,
Altho' their foes should rage.

For conscience liberty they fought,
With blood they bought what we have got;
Their names let us revere.
When meeting on St. Andrey's day,
Or worshipping, we meet to pray,
May zeal like theirs appear.

John Knox an' a' the holy band,
On history's page shall ever stand;
Their names shall never rot.
Throughout the world's remotest bound,
Bold for the truth be ilk ane found,
Wha claim to be a Scot.

Lines Addressed to Scotland.

Native hills of height and grandeur,
Where wild flowers the air perfume,
Where moor fowl, in plenty, wander
'Mong the heather and the broom.

Ever, when I've thought of going
Back again thy hills to see,
In my way, dame fortune's throwing
Something, still to hinder me.

For I'd love to see flocks eating
In the fields, upon the plain,
And to hear the lambkins bleating
On thy pasture hills again.

To see thy streams and burnies flowing,
Now would be a treat to me;
And to hear the cattle lowing,
And the birds song from the tree.

Often on thy braes I wander,
In my dreams—upon my bed,
And at night I lie and ponder
How I from thee have been led.

Real industry and order,
  In thy midst doth ever reign ;
Ruling powers within thy border,
  Ever strive peace to maintain.

In sleep often am I carried
  Back to thee, auld Scotia dear,
Where my ancestors are buried,
  Who all loved thee while here.

I, the first was for to leave thee,
  Back as far's the family's known,
Altho' leaving does not grieve me,
  Still I love my native home.

From my memory ne'er defaced,
  Associations of the past,
With dear friends I've oft carressed,
  Some of whom have breathed their last.

Could I wonted health recover,
  Be as when I left thy shore,
The Atlantic I'd cross over
  And see thee, Scotland, yet once more.

The Scotch Laddie's Wish Realised

The Scotchman's mind is ever set,
  A home for to obtain ;
And if he can, he'll try tae get
  A bit land o' his ane.

This ruling principle o' mind,
  The cause that we to-day
So many thriving Scotchmen find
  Throughout America.

But how tae get, he coudna dream,
  His passage o'er the seas,
Till in his min' a thoucht there came,
  Tae save a' his bawbees.

I'll get a little box, thoucht he,
An' gather richt awa ;
That nane my little bank may see,
I'll hide it in the brae.

An' gather on at the bawbees
Until I get a lot,
Then wi' them I'll cross o'er the seas ;
Resolved the brave young Scot.

His whole attention did he give,
His object to attain ;
Was confident, if he did live,
He'd hae lan' o' his ane.

When he tae years o' manhood came
He thoucht tae change his life,
An' get a fireside o' his ane,
Kept tidy by a wife.

He married, an' got a wife,
A Scottish maiden fair ;
The earnings o' his frugal life
She spent wi' frugal care.

"Wha bodes a silk gown, gets a sleeve,"
The canny Scot would say ;
An' if I lang enough shall live,
I'll see America.

This idea in his mind did float,
An' uppermost did keep,
When he up in the morning got,
An' nicht, ere he did sleep.

It like a ghost did haunt his brain',
Alike by nicht an' day ;
He thoucht nae peace on earth he'd find,
But in America.

At last resolves tae actions brought,
Tae America he'd go ;
Whar folk said lan' was got for nought,
An' peace an' plenty flow.

He took an' sold a house that he
  Had boucht wi' his bawbees;
Wi' that he had enough tae fee
  His family o'er the seas.

'Twas by thus gatherin' his bawbees
  That gae tae him the funds,
Tae take wi' him across the seas,
  Wife an' six o' his sons.

Tae Upper Canada they came,
  When settlers were not rife,
Whar they remain, unto this day,
  Under the name o' F—e.

But now the old folks' ashes rest,
  Near whar at first they came;
Whar ground for a graveyard's drest,
  Called by the family name.

Grand children's children did they see,
  Ere they passed from this life,
And now among their company
  Are many a J—e F—e.

Let all who read this be apprized;
  Ere he old age did see,
The laddie's wish was realized;
  Houses an' lan' had he.

Who'd prosper an' succeed through life,
  They every chance should seize;
Begin when young, like J—e F—e,
  An' save a' their bawbees.

Glimpses from our Mouthful Days.

Friends of youth are still remember'd,
  Tho' from them we're far away,
And age throws its mantle o'er us,
  Giving us a crown of gray.

Still fond memory loves to linger,
  Think on scenes long past and gone;
Scenes gone through in days of childhood,
  Acted ere life's cares were known.

We then cares and troubles knew not,
  But like lambs did run and play;
Seldom was the morrow thought of—
  New sports came 'long with the day.

Then of pleasure ever dreaming;
  Could then say, begone dull care.
Life a pleasure—nature's beauties
  In our eyes shone bright and fair.

By the Firth of Forth, its waters
  Cheer'd my heart on them to gaze,
When like crystal it was shining,
  Underneath the sun's bright rays.

With the ships upon it sailing,
  Wafted on before the breeze;
Oh, what pleasure did it give me,
  Oft to stand and look at these.

Often, often then I wished
  That with these ships I could go;
And as I in years advanced,
  Did this wish more stronger grow.

Till at last the day arrived,
  My long wish to be my lot;
To cross the Atlantic ocean—
  Canada be my resting spot.

But since then the many troubles
  Gone through, tho' now like a dream;
For waters of affliction many,
  Have I waded through life's stream.

But the last is yet to come,
  One that all mankind assail;
None hath come back here to tell us
  How they passed the gloomy vale.

But our Saviour hath gone through it,
  Who is now exalted high,
And Who now is saying to us:
  "In Me fear not for to die."

"For I suffered death to save you,
  Only through Me grace is given;
All who trust their souls to Me,
  They shall dwell with Me in Heaven."

Blessed hope! oh, let us choose it,
  Hold it fast— nor let it go;
For we shall, if we refuse it,
  Be consigned to endless woe.

Where shall weeping be, and wailing,
  'Mong God's grace rejecting host;
When on earth their days are ended,
  And their precious souls are lost.

Since our Saviour all inviteth,
  "Come and of Me life partake,"
Let our trust be wholly on him,
  To be saved for His own sake.

Blessed Gospel, to all precious,
  Whoso willeth let him come;
For in glory where invited,
  For believers there is room.

Come, then, all, and be partakers
  Of this blessed gospel grace;
Joy you'll have here, through believing,
  And Heaven be your resting place.

New Year's Day, 1869.

Another year it numbers
  Among the years that's gone;
Many in the grave now slumbers
  That last year's sun shone upon.

Within its measured period,
  Many a heart's been glad;
While mourners they have carried
  Friends to their lowly bed.

Love, joy and grief are mixed
  All throughout life's career;
Some are with trouble vexed,
  Some joyfully while here.

Year after year is rolling,
  Bringing us to decay;
Soon the bell will be tolling,
  Telling that we're away.

Life it is but a shadow,
  Its measure but a span,
Death is always ready
  To stop the breath of man.

Some of the youthful number
  That now our hearts do cheer,
In dust may lie and slumber
  Before another year.

While the gospel trumpet's sounding,
  Proclaiming grace for all,
And the love of God's abounding,
  Let us obey the call.

Through God We Live and Move.

All things derive their being from God,
  By whom all live, but few doth know
The moving cause of all that's good
  In Heaven above, or earth below.

Man, who was in God's image made,
  How unlike God now is he found?
His heart to godliness is dead;
  For his sake God has cursed the ground.

The once pure gold has become dim,
The cistern full has become dry—
The heart's corrupt, and wholly sin;
Man's good for nothing but to die.

Yet he is an immortal being,
That must live when times no more;
Who ought to praise his God and sing,
And all his attributes adore.

Instead of praise, in him is found
A heart God's wishes to deny;
Altho' God made him from the ground,
Acts as if God he would defy.

Still God doth pity man's estate,
Altho' against him he doth sin;
Wide open stands the heavenly gate,
And mercy's bidding him come in.

Farewell Words,

TO REV. S. WILSON, ON HIS LEAVING FARMERSVILLE, MAY 20th, 1872.

A pilgrim man's on earth,
And wanders to and fro;
The friends we love are oft removed,
And to a distance go.

How sad we often feel,
When friends and pastors leave,
Whose winning parts have gained our hearts;
For loss of such we grieve.

And truly at this time,
You such a change must feel;
Whose listening ears, have these three years,
Heard him at Farmersville.

He faithfully has preached,
That gospel grace is free;

Inviting all, both great and small,
From future wrath to flee.

A sadness will be felt,
When he bid's friends adieu,
For ne'er shall we another see,
More honest, just and true.

Where'er his lot be cast,
While he on earth doth roam;
Wake or asleep, may God him keep,
And heaven be his home.

And to his family may
Abundant grace be given;
When from earth they do pass away,
May they all meet in heaven.

Epistle to Brother Scots in Canada.

Sons of old Scotia, ever bold and free,
Why from thy native hills thus do ye roam?
Why have you come across the raging sea
To find in Canada a second home?

In search of land, is it that you thus stray
From home and friends, and all that you love dear?
Or was it need drove you from home away?
If so, then, friends, the needy's home is here.

With willing hands, and honest hearts, you may
Find all you seek, if sober and sincere;
But if you're not, you'd better staid away—
Idlers and spendthrifts do not prosper here.

It's often said, and sometimes found too true,
"The Scotchman loves the wee drop in his 'ee."
Here you will find out that it will not do;
They thrive in no place who love barley bree.

If you have fled aristocratic sway,
To be from under tyrannical rule ;
To where each man can get equal fairplay—
Not need to crouch from every purse-proud fool.

This is the spot for you to come and stay,
Such as you've left you have no cause to fear ;
Whoe'er comes here is sure to get fairplay,
For servant John's as good's his master here.

Firmness, a ruling faculty of mind,
Fully developed in the Scotia race ;
In days gone by, in history we can find
Firmness of purpose bought our country's peace.

Before that universal grace shall reign,
For which our fathers prayed, and longed to see,
Customs that have upon us brought a stain,
In social meetings, such must changed be.

Token of friendship, was the social glass,
Begun ere known the evil it would do ;
'Mong priests and people it did pass,
A mark of friendship that was real and true.

Given in friendship, taken as a good,
So thus the custom it hath been brought in ;
Till custom, like a Samson, forth has stood,
And slain its thousands stained with guilt and sin

None here, or elsewhere, ever can enjoy
What is real liberty of heart and soul ;
If health and means, they both of them destroy
By drinking oft the spirit—alcohol.

It is not evil, some are pleased to say,
It's only those who drink it that are so ;
It's proper title, be whate'er it may,
There's misery through it to the thousands flow.

A bane to every son of every clime,
Indulging freely in the social glass ;
The moving cause of almost every crime,
And through it thousands mourn in deep distress.

Sons of old Scotia, ever bold and free,
If lineal blood within your veins you've got,
Stand forth and fight for truth and liberty,
From Scotia's sons wipe out the staining blot.

John Kindred's Address

TO THE ISLE OF MAN, PRAYING GOD'S BLESSING ON THE LAND OF HIS BIRTH, AND ON HIS BRETHREN, STILL ON THE EARTH, APRIL, 1870.

Beloved Isle, my native home,
Why from thee ever did I roam?
What in my heart, Isle, against thee,
That made me cross the raging sea?
Against thee, nothing had I ever,
To cause you and me to sever;
In my heart I love thee still,
Beloved Isle, and ever will.
Separation seems my destined fate,
For nothing in thee do I hate.
Tears down my cheeks have gushed free,
For friends I left behind in thee;
Who now the shores of time have passed,
For in death they have breathed their last.
Friends that on earth no more I'll see,
Parents who dearly loved me,
They are dead, while I live on,
Here on earth—they are in Heaven;
In glory, where I hope to be,
With them throughout eternity.
In answer to their earnest prayer,
I hope at last with them to share
With the redeemed; with joy to see
The Saviour, Who died for me.
Island, surrounded by the sea,
Once more on thee I long to be;
In me hope often heaves a sigh,
To see thee yet before I die.
No change would I expect to see,
On natural scenery around thee;
But among old folks that I knew,

In health and life there would be few.
And schoolmates now are old and gray,
With whom I used to run and play;
Some of them now in the grave lie,
And gone to their reward on high.
There would be few that I would know,
Was I back to thee, Isle, to go.
May His blessing on thee rest,
Who the believing souls has blest;
Within thy sea girt island be,
Where the gospel's preached free;
Who bids the raging sea be still,
Who can break down man's stubborn will;
May he within thy midst be known,
Who heaven and earth claims for His own.
Again I may ne'er tread thy sod,
And view in thee the works of God;
Again thy sea-lashed shore not see,
But still will I remember thee.
In spirit, island friend, we may
At throne of grace be, when we pray;
God's grace rest on thee every one,
Wisheth a son of Isle of Man.

John Kindred.

There's kindred spirits here below,
Kindred spirits in Heaven above;
'Mong the best Kindreds here I know
Is John, whom we revere and love.

Sincere in purpose, great in mind,
In his deportment always free,
A loving brother, faithful friend,
A tried christian on life's sea.

His trials on earth have not been few,
Through death he's suffered family loss,
But hath, in christian patience true,
Yielded, and taken up the cross.

Oh may his Master's spirit be
Always within him to the end;

Fruits of his labour may he see
In those who do his class attend.

And when he's done with all below,
His spirit ta'en its upward flight,
May friends that's left rejoice to know
He's gone to those who're dress'ed in white.

Lines Addressed to the Rev. Sam'l. Wilson,

ON HIS LEAVING KEENE, JUNE 23, 1869.

An' ye're gaun awa' tae leave us,
Perhaps nae mair weel see
Ye'r ain sel' an' ye'r ain' dear wife
An' bonnie bairnies three.
As minister we've lo'ed ye weel,
Ony mair it coudna be,
Anither for to fill your place
We fear we winna see.
We weel may ca' ye brither Scot,
Wha ne'er climbit Blarnie hill,
The church's good ye've always sought
With a decisive will.
Bad folks are they wha wid ye ca'
Or try tae injure thee;
Frae double sly designing rogues
May goodness keep ye free.
The bread of life wi' liberal mind,
Ye've dealt to every ane,
When children sought the bread of life
Ye didna gie a stane,
But dug deep for the gouden word,
An' dealt it out in love,
That ilk ane micht wi' grace be dres't
To reign wi' Christ above.
The next we get we hope like you
He'll be an honest man,
In all his actions just and true,
Doing all the good he can.
So fare ye weel, may God protect

You through life's changing scene.
At throne of grace do not forget
Your friends ye left in Keene.
Thae twa three lines scrawled out in Scotch,
Altho' they're rather tame,
They'll let ye ken amang friends left
Is ALEX. GRAHAM.

Lines on the French and Prussian War, August, 1870.

Just now France had no cause to fight,
No power usurp'd upon her right;
The only cause, if cause there were—
Napoleon was not the crown heir.
But fearing Prussia, neighboring power,
After Napoleon's reign was o'er,
Would join with Spain, and they as one,
Might place a Bourbon on the throne,

Thorough craft to rule, Napoleon came
Because he bore his uncle's name.
But the last Bonaparte be he
That ever shall a ruler be.
This is the universal prayer
That now is heard, most everywhere,
For all the glory he can claim,
The glory of assassin's name.

Napoleon Trembling.

AUGUST 25.—REPORT SAYS NAPOLEON, FOR FEAR OF HIS SAFETY, WAS TREMBLING.

Napoleon, you may tremble,
Too late now to repent,
Thy fate may soon resemble
His, who before thee went.

A curse unto the world
Hath been thy family name;
It's time the race were hurl'd
Hence to the place they came.

It's the desire of nations
To see thy downfall hour,
No more may thy relations
Be raised like thee to power.

Thy name, leagued with corruption,
In infamy shall fall,
Except in life's destruction
That human hearts appal.

While on battle fields are lying
Dead bodies, heap on heap,
While glittering swords are hieing,
Harvest of death to reap.

Tho' youth and age are lying
In thousands on the ground,
The armies still are neighing
To have another round.

In grief parents are sighing,
Their homes to them left drear,
For 'mong the dead and dying
Are those whom they love dear.

'Mong orphans, sad and weeping,
Widows in grief are wrung,
Because in death are sleeping
The fathers of the young.

Had'st thou in death been blessed,
Ere manhood thou did'st know,
France might at this time rested
And been without a foe.

Some anti-christian call you,
A just and proper name;
No wonder death appals you,
'Mong hundred thousands slain.

Like Haman some are saying
They should exalt you high,
Where every murderous being
Like you, should swing and die.

But death in any form
A ransom cannot be,
For the slaughter, grief and harm
That has been caused by thee.

War and your end together;
The hearts of nations pray,
May in France such another,
A sceptre never sway.

The Slain on the Battle Field.

They sleep, altho' the night wind's sighing,
Tho' o'er them foot and horse are flying;
Stir not, tho' loud the cannon's roaring,
And shot and shell are round them pouring.
Unnumbered voices loud may yell
And onward to the distance swell;
The noise of war may wake the land,
And forces meet, each sword in hand.
Their country's weal may be at stake,
The sound of arms cannot them wake;
The conquerer, Death, hath on them laid
His icy hand, and they are dead.
When in their mother's arms they lay,
And around their homes did play
In sportful glee, 'midst laugh and roar,
'Twas never thought in bloody gore
Upon a battle field they'd lie,
Like slaughtered beasts to bleed and die,
Without a friend or mother near
To shed a sympathizing tear.
Fond parents nursed them up with pride,
Hoping that with them they'd abide.
And when they had life's journey passed
They lay their gray hairs in the dust.
But vile ambition, ever cruel,

Too often found in those who rule,
Called out, with little hope to save,
Strength of the country, young and brave.
Bravest and best that that they could get
Before fire engines them they set;
Hundreds of thousands soon were found
Lifeless corpses upon the ground.

The Battle Field.

War horses are neighing,
The dense smoke is fleeing,
The noise of the cannons
  Echo from each hill;
While bugles are sounding
The thousands are bounding,
Sword in hand, eager
  Their foes for to kill.

What a fiendish spirit
They're made to inherit,
Thus to slay brothers
  Who ne'er did them ill
While nations are wondering,
The cannons are thundering,
And thousands are falling
  Round many a hill.

Reporters are saying,
This murder and slaying
Arose from two men
  Taking up an ill-will.
As lords of creation
Each raised up his nation—
Set them 'gainst each other
  To murder and kill.

What a stain on the age,
The wars that now rage,
While God's word's inciting
  To love and good will;

Men they are engaging,
Like devils, are raging,
And cities beseiging
To plunder and kill.

May God hasten the day
When the swords that now slay
Shall be made to plowshares,
No more men to kill ;
But to till in the ground
That on earth may be found
Peace among nations
And love and good will.

Busy Bodies.

There are places in the country round
Where there is oft dispeace ;
Where tattling busy bodies are
This often is the case.

They go about from house to house
To hear what folks will say,
Then tell what neighbour so and so
Was saying the other day.

Where neighbors live not far apart
The tattler's mostly found,
Peddling lies to make mischief
Among the neighbors round.

Thus has it been among mankind
Since ever that man fell,
For every heart estranged from grace
Is prone to do what's ill.

Envy and malice, wrath and strife,
'Mong mankind oft we find,
Until God's spirit and His grace
Doth change the heart and mind.

Among the tattlers often found are those
That to the Lord draw near,
Who, like the Abysinians of old,
Must serve the Lord through fear.

For none can walk six days in seven
Upon the left hand road,
And then come out upon the seventh
And say they're true to God

With sanctimonious face they may
Use every crafty art,
Man to deceive but God doth know
The intents of their heart.

The heart of man, it is the fount
From which all actions spring,
But in it, till by grace renewed,
There dwelleth no good thing.

Thos. and John Athins.

True men from Scotland's northern isles
Where the mainland's girt by the sea,
Men inured to arduous toils,
Deportment, generous and free.

In word and actions ever true,
No one with falsehood they'd beguile ;
You'll hardly find another two
That would from evil more recoil.

In doctrine principles the same,
Rejoicing together in the Lord ;
Love all men, of whatever name,
Who walk according to God's word.

With willing minds they run the race
Of life through all their trials below,
And daily seek God's love and grace
That they in duty's path may go.

In all the ties of life they're kind,
To one another ever true,
To do good ever are inclined,
The path of duty they pursue.

Thomas McBurney.

He oft comes here; we love him, good old man,
To tell to us the wonders of the cross,
Whose heart's desire is to do what he can
For Christ, his master, all else he counts loss.

His plain, but pointed, unassuming way
Speaks out the earnest of a loving heart,
Language appropriate for the Sabbath day,
Free grace for all who from their sins depart.

Long may the Lord him spare to preach and pray,
And in the church find work for him to do,
And when its done, in everlasting day,
Shine forth among the holy and the true.

Think on the Past.

Think on the past, who grudge to pay
For education of to-day,
For in days past, when it was rare,
Superstition reigned everywhere.

Unchristened weans, who in death lay,
Could not be burried through the day;
Darkness their portion, without light—
Such weans were burried under night.

If four magpies then crossed your path
You very soon would hear of death;
To turn the coal upon the fire
Would keep some witch from her desire.

If too much whiskey some laird ta'en,
Fell o'er the craig—brake his neck bane,

Or off his horse fell coming hame,
'Twas some auld wife wha got the blame.

If any one took sudden ill
Or an untimely birth befell,
Some duce old woman, no far by,
Against her was raised the hue and cry.

That she was seen in open air
That night, in shape o' cat or hare,
With other imps dancing a reel
Where they held converse wi' the deel.

When education was so rare
The folks believed so everywhere,
The ghosts and witches then so rife,
Young folks they durst not for their life.

Go out at night when it was dark
Least they should meet some "cutty sark,"
Or some old witch should past them glide;
Who on her broomstick took a ride.

What they had heard in early day
Was in them when their heads were gray;
At ghosts and witches and such stuff,
Youth at the present time would laugh.

Since learning's spread, witchcraft has fled,
Likewise the ghosts of all the dead;
Reviewing the past, tell every one
The great good education's done.

Lines on visiting the City of Ottawa August, 1870.

Twenty-seven years have past and gone
Since I the ground here walked upon,
'Twas village Bytown then I saw,
But now the city Ottawa.
Wonders they say are never done,
New sights seen underneath the sun,
So may I say by what appear

To ha e been done since I was here.
In Canada I never thought
Such mason work there had been wrought;
Such buildings I am of opinion,
There are but few in the Dominion.
Most of the buildings of hard stone
That ere such beauty could be shown;
Expense and labour must been great
Ere they such buildings could create.
As on I past with eager view,
Lifting my eyes to something new.
I up a crossing cast my eyes—
What did I see, to my surprise?
Three monstrous buildings stood in view,
The more I looked my wonder grew.
The moneys surely plenty were
That raised such buildings as these are.
Getting permission tc go in,
My feet they made but little din;
The floors with carpeting are laid
That with the feet no noise be made.
If the outside it grandeur bore,
The inside did excell it more.
Describe it fully one's no chance
By walking through the building once;
In wonder I have oft been lc.t
To think how much these buildings cost.
But as I through their inside went
I saw how the large sums were spent.
The member's blest who gets in there—
He's sure to have an easy chair;
No wonder, cushioned up so sleek,
Some of them rise not oft to speak.

City Misery.

Could we peep into garrets and low cells
We there would see fruits of the "stills,"
Where punishment for crime is fully wrung
Out in full measure, both on old and young.
Hunger and cold these objects suffer there,
And in their souls feel nought but dark dispair;

Sin has wrought misery and the deepest woe
That would appal the stoutest heart to know.
In places such the new born babe is found,
With its poor mother, lying upon the ground
Without a nurse, them nourishment to give;
Death 'mong them's rife, but, hidden like their home
They're humbly carried to their lowly tomb.
Age, too, is seen shivering in a cold, dark nook,
Without the comforts of the holy book;
And many 'mong them better days have seen,
Making them feel their degradation keen.
What christian heart can know such is the case
And not feel pity for the wretched race?
Feel in their hearts inclined to aid and plan
Some means to succour suffering fellow man?
What's vainly spent among the rich and great,
One half would fully meet their suffering state.
'Twould feed and clothe the needy every one,
And God would bless them for the good thus done;
What Scotland's bard said, "Fully meet the price,
The one half do it, spent at card and dice."

Forest Warblers.

Cheerful tenants of the boughs
Gaily dres't in glossy hues,
Who wakes the morning early rays
With their sweet melodious lays.

Architects thou art indeed,
Neither rule nor line you need,
Yet in proportion neatly drest
Each builds his own commodious nest.

And for to keep the young brood warm
In shelter from the cold and storm,
They oft are roofed with the shade,
Nature, thy plans and comforts aid.

He who taught your throats to sing
And welcome in the opening spring,
Who taught you all your curious skill,
And gave you nature's working will.

Was once on earth in sorrow laid,
And had no where to lay his head ;
For man he yielded up the ghost
That precious souls might not be lost.

And in the grave he was laid low,
A humble spectacle of woe ;
The cross, the spear, the lonely grave,
He bore that He mankind might save.

Save them from sin's dominion power,
That in the world mankind alure,
That they might sing through endless reign,
"Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain."

Cultivation.

Our days on earth, alas how few !
Yet heedlessly we spend them ;
Altho' we prove that daily true,
Yet move slow for to mend them.

We all have need to turn too
The work of cultivation,
And all have means that for to do
Whate'er our occupation.

The heart feels better when its led
In thoughtful meditation,
It may be o'er some book we've read—
Redemption or Creation.

To cultivate the human mind
There's nothing can be better,
To train our thoughts to actions kind
Divine grace, rule our nature.

Christ's Universal Reign.

An era promised in God's word
When men shall seek unto the Lord
And in the scabbard put the sword
No more to slay ;

But with their faces Zion ward
Shall meet to pray.

Drunkards shall lay their cups aside,
On sea of death no longer glide,
No more through drunkenness deride
God, and blaspheme;
But with his people shall abide
To praise His name.

Let christians all unite to pray,
That God would hasten soon the day
When Government shall take away
The tempting bait
That's leading our fair youth astray
To ruin's gate.

Before they ever stop to think
They tempt to taste, and then to drink—
Before they are aware they sink
Without remede,
Past feeling o'er h—l's gloomy brink
Among the dead.

Crime.

When Adam sined, crime it began
And ever since hath reigned in man;
Since then unto the present time
Great is the catalogue of crime.
From virtue's path far hath man strayed,
Whom God in his own image made;
As soon as man God's law transgressed
He lost all claim to heavenly rest.
He lost his title deed to heaven
When he from paradise was driven;
Lost holiness of heart, for sin
Corrupted all his thoughts within.
Age of the world in years were few
When Eve's first born his brother slew;
But man hath often times since then
By various means a brother slain.
Some used the club, some used the knife

To take away a brother's life.
Such 'mong the ancients was the way,
But different at the present day.
In former ages history shows
Revenge was commonly the cause ;
But now-a-days it's greed of gain
That there's so many brothers slain.
In houses kept by crafty men,
Some of them called the murderer's den,
Where they receive the fatal blow,
Sending to death and endless woe
So many of the human race
Beyond the power of man to trace.
Behold yon picture of a man,
At his post before early dawn,
Dealing out without a shudder
What he knows will kill his brother.
At judgment day this man shall see
He will not need to use Cain's plea,
But found more guilty on that day
Than Cain, who did his brother slay.
Through him both soul and body's slain,
He doubly guilty is than Cain.
We read the Lord to Cain came,
Asked for his brother by his name ;
Cain's answer shows he tried to shun
And hide the crime that he had done,
Saying, " Where he's gone I now not whither,
Am I the keeper of my brother ?"
But God unto the murderer said,
" What thou hast done you cannot hide ;
Thy brother thou did'st mortally wound—
His blood cries to me from the ground ;
A fugitive and vagabond
Upon the earth thou shall be found."
'Gainst murderers God is still the same
As when he to the first one came ;
Oh, think on this, ye manslayers all,
Ere God shall you to judgment call.
You, when accused, like Cain may say
You never did a brother slay ;
But say like him, without a shudder,
You're not the guardian of your brother.
You know you often give the dose

To men till they their senses lose ;
Keep them till money they've no more,
Then push them outside of your door.
Some find their way and stagger home,
Some lie till carried to the tomb ;
Some go home mad and beat their wives,
Some others, they take their own lives.
All those you've led the downward road
Will witness 'gainst you before God ;
Some of them have already gone—
The others they will follow soon.
When God to judgment calls you near
Against you these shall all appear ;
Think on these things, ye manslayers all,
Ere God shall you to judgment call—
Ere misery in eternal gloom
It be your everlasting doom.
Where lost souls wreath in deep dispair,
Blaming themselves for coming there—
Saying, had we listened to God's call
We never would been here at all ;
But God's reproof we would not hear,
Tho' mercy called year after year ;
But obstinate we did remain,
And sold our souls for worldly gain.
These with the voice of warning call
To you and me, dear friends and all,
To shun the path while here below
Which leads to everlasting woe.

What God Said Concerning His People.

They with their lips to me draw near,
In sanctimonious mood ;
In outward forms they seem sincere
As people truly good.

Unto my altars regular they
Do sacrifices bring,
And in my sanctuary pray
And loud my praises sing.

Yea, compass sea and land if they
Can make one proselyte,
As if they made my word their stay
And my law their delight.

Woe be to them, they are not mine,
Inwardly they are not so,
For far from me their hearts incline
In evil paths to go.

They set aside my law, that's pure,
Against me they transgress—
They grind the faces of the poor
And rob the fatherless.

Ere I can truly call them mine
They must do what is just,
Their hearts towards me must incline,
And in me put their trust.

Hear what God Saith.

Isaih 5-12.

The viol and harp, the pipe and wine,
Their reveling feasts display,
Against me ever they incline,
They silence what I say.

I've called upon them from my throne,
And offered them my grace;
From me they've altogether gone—
They're a rebellious race.

Within the realms of endless bliss
Rebellious souls can't go,

Their doom shall be the dark abyss—
The pit of endless woe.

Is it the word of God, dear friends,
That speaketh to us so?
If we wish not the dooms of fiends,
Why with the wicked go?

The customs and the pride of life,
Gainst which the word decries.

Shall be the bane of thousands, rife
In sin, that life destroys.

The dance, the party and the ball,
So common in our day,
Is where our youth from virtue fall,
Hence oft are led astray.

Amidst the dance, were death to call,
Who'd wish to haste away?
What consternation would there fall
Amid the fun and play.

Professors ought to try and stop
These common customs rife,
For many through them have no hope
Of everlasting life.

Lines on the Year 1873.

We hope the year now come
Hath hid for us in store,
Rich blessing that will cheer us
While we its months explore.

And hope the past hath taught us
In whom we ought to trust,
Who hath kept death from laying us
Amid our kindred dust.

We hope more peace and union
'Mong brothers there shall be,
And all in life prepared
More for eternity.

For the past year has shown us
Some do what they ought not,
Instead of love and kindness
They 'gainst each other plot.

How many of their actions
Show forth their ruined state?
We pray for grace to change them
Before it be too late.

That He who ruleth over,
Show forth His power to save
Them all from death eternal
Ere they pass to the grave.

Lines on Friends

ABOUT TO SAIL FROM SCOTLAND TO AMERICA IN THE YEAR 1842

Soon will the time be here
When from the beach a bark will stear,
Bearing the friends that we love dear
Beyond our care;
May that ship all misfortunes clear,
Our constant prayer.

Altho' its gloomy for to pour
Upon the seas tremendous roar,
What cause have we to be demure
For their welfare,
When he who rules the waters o'er,
They are his care?

When in the path of duty driven
Protection's promised from Heaven,
For in six troubles, yea in seven,

God can us save;
Safety through faith it hath been given
Upon the wave.

They have no cause for fear at all
Who with the Lord do trust their all,
For nought on this terrestial ball
Protection lack;
God of the sparrows that down fall
Doth notice take.

Then for our friends let us not be
Afraid, altho they're on the sea,
Except that they, like Jonah, flee
From God's command;
Where duty calls, as safe are we
On sea as land.

Satan.

Father of lies, why did you not
Abide in thy own state?
But did'st against our parents plot
That they might share thy fate.

Sufficient was it not for thee
To break the peace of Heaven?
But tempt man, too, that also he
From happiness be driven.

Through thee he now is out from God,
'Gainst God his mind is set;
Like thee, he's travelling the broad road
That leads down to the pit.

Murder, and every hateful sin,
'Mong men, through thee, is found,
And shall be, till in pit shut in
A thousand years thou'rt bound.

YEAR 1842

Thy agents rife are among men,
Not odious, but seem fair;
Not horned and hoofed, black from the den—
Such forms would not ensnare.

But like some shining angels bright
With blessings to bestow,
Were you to show thyself aright
No one would with thee go.

Would man thee hate, and evil shun,
Earth yet a heaven would be;
Abide, foul fiend, in thy own state,
May I be kept from thee.

On the Death of T. D'A. McGee,

WHO WAS SHOT AT OTTAWA ON THE 7TH APRIL, 1868.

A death knell to Fenianism
Now is peeling o'er the land,
D'Arcy McGee's murder telling
What's the spirit of the band.

Barbarians in the nineteenth century,
'Mong folks bearing Christian names,
Surely the ghosts of the fifteenth
Hath come back to earth again.

Cruel race of barbarous murderers,
Wholly guilty, one and all,
Not only the assassin
Who drew the trigger—made him fall.

But the plotters altogether,
Who plotted that McGee should fall,
The voice of the country saith,
Take them wholly, hang them all.

Altho' that the people's saying
As McGee is let them be,

Still they would not be a ransom
For the Honorable McGee.

Perfect peace we'd ne'er enjoy
While men to such actions cling ;
Raiding, plundering and murder
Will no good to Ireland bring.

Ireland with church tithes are burdened,
From the which she should be free,
But 'twill not remove her Burden
That they've murdered McGee.

There's no doubt but Christian Briton
Will consider Ireland's Weal,
Remove from her every burden
That she may true freedom feel.
By her christian laws she'll do it,
Not by spilling of mens' blood,
By the equal laws of Briton
Based upon the word of God.

To the Young.

Let not the young despise the old
Nor their experience spurn,
For if they heard their history told
Some lessons they might learn.

A fool, that captain, how'e'er smart,
That would pretend to know,
And say that he without a chart
To foreign lands could go.

With such a one none would their stocks
Venture—far less their lives,
Fearing lest all among some rocks
Would be lost among the waves.

The old that's sailed the sea of life,
In foul weather or clear,

Can tell us where are dangers rife,
From such our course to stear.

Upon the sea of life there are
So many shoals to shun,
Experience of those gone before
Are needed every one.

So let not youth despise the old
Nor their experience spurn,
More worth to them than shining gold
What from them they might learn.

Summer.

WRITTEN WHILE GOING THROUGH THE WOODS.

Summer now is come,
No more the bitter blast,
But the insects' hum
Upon the ear is cast;
If in the woods to walk you try,
How these lancers round you fly.

The music of the birds
You have no peace to hear,
Legions are on your face,
Stinging from ear to ear;
No peace but when you use a lash
Around your head, of leafy brush.

A thirsting for your blood,
All seem of one mind,
Not one among the host
But will sting, I find;
If larger, with proportioned power,
They'd every living thing devour.

Egyptians had a plague,
If the same kind of flies,
I wonder they were left
At all with seeing eyes;
I've tried to stand and face the group,
But two or three seconds beat me out.

Out of the woods I fly
And seek the current breeze,
Which drives the thursting rogues
Among the leafy trees;
Worth, you will find among such bands,
One pair of feet, two pair of hands.

Farmersville

I've walked thy streets, a stranger I
To all that I did see,
And likewise all the passers by
Were strangers unto me.

The first in thee I did espy
It was not man's abode,
But towering spires, tops reaching high,
Which mark the house of God.

Thy rural beauty, pleasing fair,
To visitors proclaim,
A name for greatness yet you'll bear
In the Dominion.

Thy modest children in the street
Proclaim their parents' mind,
All modest, civil and discreet
In Farmersville I find.

Fife Wheat,

INTRODUCED INTO CANADA BY MR. DAVID FIFE, OF OTONABEE.

This man conferred a blessing great
In many a town and many a state,
On man and woman, youth and child,
Alike on saint and sinner wild.
This wheat grows, tho' the soil be wet,
Where folk ne'er thought of growing wheat;
Before that some this new wheat got
They oftentimes did mourn their lot,
And what to do, they could not tell—
It beat them to raise wheat to sell.
They often tried a change of grain,
But the harvest cry was, rust again;
Through disappointment oft they sighed,
Blasted their hopes, all kinds they tried.
The voice of joy left many a place,
And gloom was seen in many a face;
Some sold out for to ease their woe,
Bought land where they thought wheat would grow.
This was their state till this new wheat
They tried and found it was complete.
Through it a blessing there has come
To many a one and many a home;
His fame shall last after his life,
Who introduced the wheat called Fife.

Lines on an Old Settler's Grave.

He sleeps, the pioneer of former days,
No stone to mark his head is seen,
To tell the travellers as they hie
Out through the forest evergreen,
Of one who to friends once was dear
Underneath their feet lies—here.

No record tells when he did leave his home,
Nor what friends wept when he did leave,
Or who 'twas laid him in the tomb,
Or if he in God did believe ;
This only left for us to know—
A brother lies in dust below.

The Dying Infidel.

"I shall not die, O God !" he cried,
Then out of bed did leap,
The God of nature he defied—
Those looking on did weep.

He raved, and stamped, and cursed aloud
The God who made the sky,
Then, reeling backwards, cried, "O God,
I shall not, shall not die !"

Midst weeping friends, in sorrow deep,
His soul it took its flight ;
He in the dark did take the leap
We fear to endless night.

A warning this, what God's word saith
Should be obeyed by all,
Lest consigned to the second death
Be the immortal soul.

Who is My Neighbour ?

Who is my neighbour ? oft I sighed,
When cares and troubles did me press,
And found the title right applied
To him who acts kind in distress.

Who is our neighbour ? Is it he
That nearest to our houses dwell ?

No, except he a real friend be
And loves to see us doing well.

Can he be called our neighbour who
Would shun us in a time of grief?
Who'd rather round a mile or two
Than call and give us some relief.

Really too often do we find
Pretending friends to act the foe;
When need requires them to be kind,
'Tis only then our friends we know.

He is our neighbor and our friend
Who daily walks the christian road,
Who acts uprightly and is kind
Toward all men in fear of God.

Question Answered.

Come tell me did you ever see
The town of my nativity,
The Firth of Forth flowing by its side,
Where merchant ships at anchor ride,
And sea birds sport upon the shore
When wind and waves in fury roar;
Where by its waters surging flow
When I was young I loved to go?
Tell me have you been there at night
When nights full orb was shining bright,
And nature slumbered peacefully
With not a ripple on the sea,
But calm and smooth as molten glass
No art its beauty could surpass;
Fit sight for man in thought to scan,
The heavenly rest promised to man.
Oft have I viewed it with delight
And gazed upon the wondrous sight,
When the sea was chrystall'd o'er
And a dead calm reign'd on the shore.
Remembrance of which aye is nigh

Within my mind which brings a sigh
Wishing that I again could see
Kilcaldy, my nativity.
In youth my play ground was the sands,
I've seen the beauty it commands ;
The Forth in calm, and storm also
When ships they were not safe to go.
To see its waves again I'd like,
Where playing I jerked them 'round Pratt's Dyke,
It's thirty years since I saw thee
Kirkcaldy, my nativity.

Life, a Voyage.

Life's like a voyage on an ocean wave—
Man's certain doom—death and the grave ;
A shattered bark adrift is he
Launched out upon life's stormy sea.

On dangerous wave, drove too and fro,
Ready to be engulfed below,
So very dangerous is his state,
Eternal death his pending fate ;

Except he listen to the call
That now is sent abroad to all :
"Only one pilot can be got
For all who on life's ocean float."

Sav'd by Him all can be who will,
So great's the mighty pilot's skill,
Without respect of persons He
Offers himself, His grace is free.

When tempting waves are threatening round,
No other help there can be found
To save man from the yawning hell
When deaths dark waves around him swell.

Launch'd out is now the great life boat
To save the souls from wrecks which float,
And hoisted are her colors high
That all may know where to apply.

For sinking souls that cry for aid
A cry in vain was never made,
But near to every soul that call
Is He who ruleth over all.

War Bringeth Peace.

THE FRENCH AND PRUSSIAN WAR, 1870.

As the upheaving sea doth throw
Its filth upon the shore,
And thunder storms make pure the air,
So peace is made through war.

The present war that now doth rage,
It shall bring peace at last;
Wars done so throughout every age
We read of in the past.

For France and all the other powers
Are so stained with the blood
Of saints, they must be made to feel
The avenging wrath of God.

We do believe true liberty
And peace on earth shall reign,
But ere those nations that day see
Blood must wipe out its stain.

Souls of the saints they slew doth cry
Unceasing unto God,
How long, O Lord, ere Thou avenge
The shedding of our blood?

Bigotry.

Clans may fight and others mangle,
Bigots 'bout their creeds may wrangle,
But all those who love unity
'Bout non-essentials should agree.
When sw ords are turn'd to pruning hooks,
And savages are reading books,
The lion and lamb as one agree,
There will be then more unity.
Until the split hair bigot's dead
Descension still will lift her head;
Unity there can never be
Till men are free from bigotry.

Epistle.

TO ONE FROM WHOM THE AUTHOR RECEIVED A FAVOR.

Dear Sir:

A small thing oft the key
Which opens some great cause,
Thus did your kindness unto me—
It told me what you was.

I thank you kindly for the same
With grateful heart and true,
And ever honor will your name,
Praying God for to bless you.

Both in your basket and your store
And in all that you have,
That you enjoy peace evermore,
Here and beyond the grave.

Whate'er kind action here we do
'Twill be repaid again,
I hope 'twill be fourfold to you.
The blessing you obtain.

Add if on earth we never meet
May divine grace be given,
To fit us for a nobler seat
At God's right hand in Heaven.

What Hath the Gospel Wrought?

The gospel it hath wonders wrought,
The Lord came not to earth for nought ;
The travail of his soul he'll see,
Men fierce as lions, like lambs shall be.

The warrior sheath his blood stained sword,
Become obedient to his Lord,
No more to follow battle strife
But live a quiet and peaceful life.

The midnight robber no more hies
To take the traveller by surprise,
But seeks a calling, God will bless,
No more the moral law transgress.

Liars through it found to speak the truth,
Another spirit rules their mouth,
Adulterers cease lust to pursue
And become virtuous, chaste and true.

Transgressors by their actions prove,
Their hearts are changed for God they love ;
Things that they loved, ere God they knew,
No longer love they to pursue.

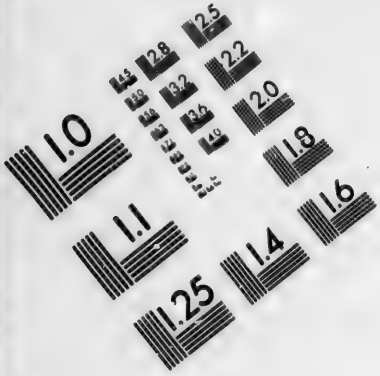
It enters in the poor man's cot
And he's content with all he's got ;
Privation he can well endure,
Knowing God's promise standeth sure.

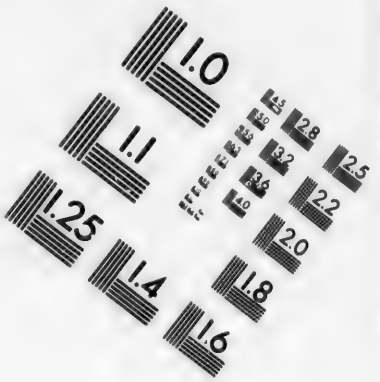
That when for water he doth thirst
Out from the rock a stream shall burst ;

His daily bread it shall be given,
When done with earth, his home is Heaven.

Satan Doth Still Reign.

No one can doubt of Satan's reign
On earth among the sons of men,
The evil spirits, that earth roam,
It out from God did never come.
Reviewing men's common actions rife
With hatred, malice, wrath and strife;
A spirit such, from God ne'er came,
Who's pure, for Holy is his name.
Who dare say, God the evil sowed
That reigned in man before the flood?
Or since, up to the present time
Was author of man's sin and crime?
Ere God on earth the flood he sent,
That he had made man did repent,
Their actions Him so much distressed,
He'd rather man did not exist.
Long suffering patience has God had
With man before and since the flood;
The wicked still are like to those
Who in the flood their lives did lose.
They eat, they drink, they dance and play,
Regardless of eternity;
Of death and judgment they ne'er think,
But dance around destruction's brink
Like moths that fly around the light
Till in the flame death ends their flight.
We wonder not so much to see
The worldling in his revelry,
But when those with the reveler go
Who do profess the Lord to know,
It makes the godly watch with care
And keep away from every snare,
For he, the devil, is ever trying,
Who goes about like a roaring lion,
To get mankind under his power,
With sinful pleasures them allure.





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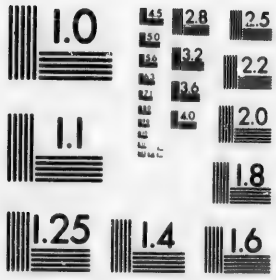
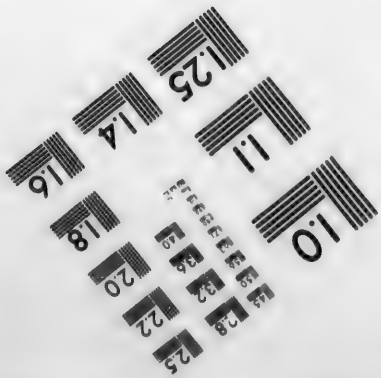




With colors fair his gins are set
And tempting bait around the net,
To draw mankind into the snare
Before they are at all aware.
From Adam's fall up to this hour
Mankind hath felt his ruling power,
In whate'er state mankind are in,
By him they're tempt to commit sin.
Glory to God. Who dwells on high,
Who to His people's ever nigh,
Whose grace is able to sustain
His people 'gainst the devil's reign ;
For he is now a conquered foe,
Who hath no power o'er man below ;
If they close to their Saviour keep,
Who from the wolf keep all his sheep,
Whose grace is able to sustain
His people, tho' the devil reign.

The Wicked.

" The Wicked are like the troubled sea, whose waters cast up mire and dirt."

In an enlightened age like this
How grevious its to hear,
The wickedness of man on earth,
Around us far and near.

The wicked, like waves of the sea,
Are tossed too and fro,
And ever spewing out their filth
In every place they go.

How oft we hear their impious oaths
Upon the street at night,
And oft is heard in drink saloons
The quarrel and the fight.

Deeds most debasing, oh how oft
  Among them do we find,
For men in drink are often like
  Folks quite out of their mind.

The blessing of God's never found
  Upon the road they go,
The path they walk in is the road
  That leads to endless woe.

How sad that men of every age
  Upon this road are found,
In spite of all the means of grace
  That in the world abound.

We grieve to see our blooming youth
  'Mong those who ill behave,
Bringing their parents' hoary heads
  In sorrow to the grave.

Fond parents, who for them have prayed,
  Since to the world they came,
That God would bless their lives and be
  A blessing unto them.

But oh ! instead of being their joy,
  For them they grieve and mourn,
Through fear they're cut off in their sins,
  Wish that they'd ne'er been born.

It truly may be said of sin—
  What evil hath it wrought
On man since Adam sinned? Oh, what
  Sad misery hath it wrought?

The worst is not the misery brought
  Upon him in creation,
But awful doom, the wrath to come—
  Eternal condemnation.

Alcohol.

Some think that alcohol has been
  Invented by a foe,
Its been the cause of so much pain
  Ot misery and woe.

That he, the devil, once did sit
  Within his gloomy den,
Contriving what would be most fit
  To ruin the sons of men.

Around about him gathered
  His mighty angel band,
What plan their prince he favored
  They all might understand.

His voice like that when thunder rolls
  Did echo through the den,
"Go, Go!" says he, "with alcohol
  And ruin the sons of men!"

Fully instructed, off they went
  To try their prince's plan,
Knowing whate'er he did invent
  Would do its work on man.

The first they tried was one of note;
  Their prince did know full well
If they could ruin righteous Lot
  It on the world would tell.

The old saint took the tempting bait,
  And sad is it to say,
That he was into actions led
  That blots his name to-day.

Whither it be the case or not,
  That Satan is to blame,
It hath, since then, ruined many a Lot,
  Like him of rightous name.

Slain by Alcohol.

Could all whom Alcohol has slain
  Stand up before our eyes,
Extent of ground these to contain
  Would greatly us surprise.

The numerous host by one appears
  In numbers very mighty,
Millions in eighteen years,
  Five hundred and eighty.

But death temporal is not all
  Of the important story,
For man hath an immortal soul
  Which death cannot destroy.

The most important, his last state,
  And solemn to consider,
God's word it saith, "The drunkard's fate
  Is misery for ever."

Maine Law

If the Maine Law had been forc'd
  Here twenty years ago,
There's many a one might been alive
  That in the dust lie low.

Fathers that's caused the bitter tears
  From wives and wee 'ane's to flow,
Otherwise might been, if we had had
  The Maine Law years ago.

Anxious they ought to feel, whose kin
  Lie in the drunkard's grave,
To see the Maine Law come in force
  To be a means to save.

Inhuman are those who oppose
The law that's seen the woe,
Yet vote for what's caused so much crime
Throughout the land to flow.

The law shall come, in spite of foes,
Though its been hard to draw,
And men will yet be found to rule
Who'll vote for the Maine Law.

Temperance.

Temperance one of the virtues
Found in the Christian's breast,
And its possessors always found
Among the wise and blest.

Intemperance true christians shun,
For evils from it flow
That cuts short mankind's life on earth,
Sends souls to endless woe.

The most appaling cruel deeds
Which make our flesh to shrink,
Hath been by men done under power
And influence of strong drink.

Strong drink strengthens the murderer's arm,
God's law doth drunkards spurn,
Through it fond parents sit and grieve,
And countless thousands mourn.

A Dream.

I slept, and lo, I dreamed:
In a gloomy spot did rise
A tree, whose branches seemed
Of unproportioned size.

Each branch its season had,
For some did only bloom,
While others round were clad
With fruit of deadly gloom.

Intemperance the name
Of this great upas tree,
Poisoned were all who came
Under its canopy.

Under it could be seen
Mankind of every cast,
Deceased, vile and mean
Breathing out their last.

No holy voice I heard
To comfort those thus lying.
None seeking for God's word,
Altho' that they were dying.

But brooding o'er the dark
Forbodings of their fate,
Until each vital spark
Went to its lasting state.

There is no New Thing Under the Sun.

Eccle. 7-9.

Nothing new done under the sun,
The saying of a great wise one.
Two things against this now transpire,
Steam power and telegraphic wire,
By which the people talk together
Three thousand miles from one another.
Across the great Atlantic cable
The conversation it can be,
With lightning speed the words they flow,

And underneath the billows go.
Through nations of the watery tribe
The lightning mail carries the scribe,
And every word's carried as true
As in your ear I spoke to you.
Thus news from empire to empire
Comes to us through the magic wire.
In days of yore had it been said
That such inventions could be made,
They'd be looked upon as insane;
Who'd say science ever could attain,
Through steam and electricity,
Such wondrous power on land and sea?
Inventors would been called evil,
And in compact with the devil.

Otonabee.

Ye farmers of Otonabee,
Who now do occupy
The farms which the old folks cleared
In days that are gone by.

The treasure cleared away,
The old folks' labour done,
Who chopped through winter's frost,
Logg'd under summer's sun.

The necessaries of life, then,
Were often mean and scant,
'Twas hard work to get them,
Hence, often much in want.

Fashion's fineries they did not need
To occupy their thoughts,
Women were dress't in flannel gown's,
The men in full'd-cloth coats.

And along with other hardships
The ague plagued them sore,
It was a yearly visitor
To them in days of yore.

With doctors few and far apart,
And medicine hard to get,
Many a one had months to sit
Under many an ague fit.

But pure air now sweeps o'er the fields,
And clears away the damp
Malarious contagion, once
So common near our swamps.

A market now for everything,
With cash, once seldom seen,
'Twas only trade for farm stock then,
And prices small for grain.

In fine cloth now ye all can dress,
And get what food you need,
And have, too, now, at resting time,
The local news to read.

Which every farmer ought to have,
The leading local paper,
See where to go for what he wants,
From grocer and from draper.

Ye who have not subscribed for one,
Go do it right away
'Twill profit you more through the year
Than double what you pay.

All you who true reforms seek,
And plead for truth and right,
If the *Examiner* you don't take
You stand in your own light.

Nabalish Worldlings.

A hardened, selfish, ignorant race
Are to be found in many a place,
Who when they see a neighbor low
Use every means to keep him so.

Like swine when eager for to eat,
Trample the weakest with their feet;
But its unlike men to act so
In whom a generous heart should glow.
Many beside myself have found,
When Providence seemed a man to wound,
Pretended friends without disguise
Would say, "He's down—he'll no more rise;
He need not think we'll help afford,
We fear he ne'er can us reward."
Ye ignorant, selfish, punny race,
To human nature a disgrace;
You say you're Christians; God forbid!
By such a spirit they're not led.
He is your father, without doubt,
Who from Heaven was driven out;
Your state is bad, there's reason to fear,
You buy the world you love too dear.

Prescott.

Prescott, thou art not only grand
With rural beauty close at hand,
But the St. Lawrence flowing free,
Oft sparkling like a crystal sea.
Gives beauty to thee greater far
Than many towns that larger are.
At thy wharf daily steamboats there
Make thee a busy thoroughfare,
But not only a shipping port—
In the iron horse doth snort.
Cars running several times a day
From thy depot to Ottawa;
Yea, from thee, through the whole Dominion
One can go with iron pinion.
The Grand Trunk depot, too, is there,
Which carries all things everywhere;
Long may thy trade and beauty last,
May coming years exceed the past.

If ere again I visit thee,
The friends I left I hope I'll see
In health of body, soul and mind,
For kinder folks I ne'er did find.

The Lord's My Shepherd.

The Lord's my shepherd, saith the saint,
He who supplies my every want,
My father near, altho' unseen,
Who leads me into pastures green.
Once I did stray out of the fold,
To transgress really I was bold,
And took the road that leads to death,
And posted on with labouring breath.
My shepherd looked, he saw my pain,
And sent and took me back again ;
He placed me safe down by his side
That I in safety might abide.
No thing on earth have I to fear
While my kind shepherd he is near,
Whether on the hill, or in the cot,
My loving shepherd leaves me not.
With God, my shepherd, I'll remain,
No more to go astray again,
But in God's house shall ever be
To praise him through eternity.

On Death.

The mighty conquerer, death,
'Gainst whom no one hath power,
Is taking many off
Without a warning hour.

Some see the setting sun,
But ere it rise again
They're either cold in death
Or suffering under pain.

It's be they rich or po
Sinners or saints, their breath
He takes both away—
The mighty conquerer death.

Fathers nor mothers tears
Touch not his iron heart,
Nor yet the widow's cry
Can cause him to depart.

In health one goes to bed,
Next morning up did rise,
Ere he is fully drest
Death seizes him, he dies.

Such sudden exits show
That life is but a span,
Man's numbered days to know
Is hidden from mortal man.

The cottage now seems lone
Where the bereaved sigh.
Since he, the husband's, gone
To his reward on high.

Parents are left to mourn,
Partner in life to grieve,
He's gone where none return,
Till Christ, the dead, relieve.

Daily we need to pray
While this side of the tomb,
That death, come when he may,
That Heaven will be our home.

Ups and Downs.

Man, everywhere on earth, has ups and downs,
Live they in cities, or live they in towns;
We often think our troubles the worst found—
We would not think so were we to look round.

There's nothing bad but what it worse might be,
'Twould make us content did we others see;
The sufferings here of many a weary wight,
The human heart would shudder at the sight.
Of destitution on such could not look,
In many a lonely, unpretending nook;
Disease and poverty in company—
No pleasant sight for any one to see.
Such misery doth within the world abound
That really would a feeling heart astound,
Sin it hath done it, for sin brought the curse,
Yet nothing's bad but what it might been worse.

The Village of Keene in 1872.

Near Rice Lake, by the Indian river,
Stands the thriving village Keene,
Tradesmen of all kinds within her,
Good as any elsewhere seen.

For worship there three churches stand
Grist and saw mills in her too,
A tannery also close at hand,
And shingle factory working true.

Five stores likewise in her are,
With drugs and goods of every kind,
Two taverns where, at any hour,
Travellers good refreshment find.

Steam navigation is there, too,
To carry goods across Rice Lake
To Harwood to the cars, which through
The whole Dominion luggage take.

Masters and Servants.

Diligent servants ought to be,
And faithful to their trust,
And masters ought not to exact
More from them than is just.

Servants ought to their masters give
Honor, for that's their due,
And masters ought to keep in mind
They have a master too.

They from one parent both have come,
Soon both alike they must,
As equals, have one common share
Together in the dust.

Both in their mother's arms lie
Beneath the earthy sod,
And both as equals shall be judged
Before the self-same God.

British Law.

Now British Legislation good
Against unequal laws have stood,
The rulers in our time;
Their study's been the country's weal,
Their good enactments make all feel,
Their hearts for good incline.

Judgment upon our laws is given
As the best that's under heaven,
Both for the rich and poor;
They're based upon the word of God,
Made to protect all that is good
And punish the ill doer.

In Briton no such freedom reign
To let men act like men insane
And do whate'er they will;
Lynch Law their neighbor, if they choose,
And get off free without excuse,
Tho' they their neighbors kill.

In Briton were such actions done
At large the murderer would not run,
But soon to justice they
Would be brought, and, if guilty found,
They'd get a hempen cravat round
Their necks to end their day.

Equal and just for every cause
Are Briton's equal balanced laws,
'Gainst them none can complain;
Since ere Victoria was made Queen,
Great peace and quiet the nation's seen—
Long may she live and reign.

What Ancient Law Required from the Thief.

Law required the thief to restore
What he had stole back seven fold,
Humbly showing he did abhor
The stolen property to hold.

Thus showing he really did repent,
And did bewail his heinous guilt,
Do so again, had no intent,
Sufficient proof the grief he felt.

From thieves goods might be kept, no doubt,
By bolted doors securely hung,
But bolts were never yet found out
To gag the vile, malicious tongue.

The scandal thief, ought he restore
What he robs me of with intent,
His guilt I'm not called to look o'er
Till he shows me he doth repent.

Seventy times I'm called upon
(As oft as he seems to relent)
Him to forgive, when he has shown
Aggrieved and says he does repent.

He Consenting unto Stephen's Death,

And breathing out threatening and slaughter against the disciples of the Lord, entering into every house, hailing men and women and committing them to prison.

Who's this that's breathing threatening rage
Against the servants of the Lord?
Who can he be that doth engage
To stain his hands with guiltless blood.

With orders got from the High Priest
To put in prison, kill and slay
All who would own that Jesus Christ,
Slain by the Jews, was the Messiah.

So blooodthirsty, who can he be
Whose work the human heart appal?
We praise redeeming grace when we
Find it was the Apostle Paul,

Who was stopped in his mad career
When he was thirsting for saints' blood,
Who in the way was made to hear
And see the Lord 'gainst whom he stood.

Thus were his persecutions stayed,
No more God's people to annoy,
But an apostle was he made
To build what he did once destroy.

A monument of sovereign grace
For all succeeding ages, He
To show to Adam's fallen race—
To chief of sinners grace is free.

Thoughts on Bygone Days.

An inclination oft I find,
Spontaneous rise in my mind,
To go again once more and see
The land of my nativity.
Where I have run in sportful glee,
When cares of life ne'er troubled me,
Along the Firth of Forth, its shore
With nimble feet in days of yore.
Changes on other things may be,
But none, O Firth of Forth, on thee,
Changed would the scene be on the street—
A ken'd face there I wou'dna meet.
The old the shore of time have past,
Now mingling with their kindred dust,
And others their possessions claim
I never saw or knew by name.
And playmates now like me are auld,
Their heads now winter like and bald;
Them I would pass and they would me
As strangers we did never see.
One's thoughts when musing thus, annoy,
To me would it be grief or joy,
Was I to go again and see
The town of my nativity.
Sight of the ground might bring a ray
Of pleasure where I used to play
Around the school in sportful glee,
I chasing others, and they me;
Or round Pratt's dyke among the sand,
Or in the mine's clear running strand.
But where are all your playmates gone?
Whispers a voice in saddening tone.

Far scattered up and dowr are they,
With whom you used to run and play ;
Some went as sailors to the sea,
Some embarked for Austria—
Some quietly lies, death ta'en awa',
In the kirk yard of Abotshaw.
Some died in foreign climes, they say,
Others are in America ;
But there are some that still remain
Which I would like to see again.
If not in time, may it be where
Man shall his Maker's image bear,
To sing with all the ransomed race
The trophies of redeeming grace.

In whate'er land the Scotch doth roam
They always call Scotland their home,
Whatever distance they're abroad,
They love the land their father trod.
And oftentimes in their night dreams
They're walking by her mountain streams,
Or childhood home, where midst the play,
Their youthful days were past away,
And often wish their days to close
Where their forefathers' dust repose.

The Scotch Thistle.

Emblem of a nation thou,
Whose people for their rights have fought,
Who'd let none take from them away
What they had just and legal got.

Many a nation's tried their best
To bring them underneath their sway,
And take from them their conscience rights,
But rather die than yield would they.

Oft the mountains have been clad
With tartan plaids and bonnets blue,
And often was the Scotchmen's sword
Stained with the blood of foes they slew.

What they fought for, and we enjoy,
Through many hardships did they wrestle;
Their sufferings oft we think upon
When we view thee, emblem Thistle.

England may of her emblem sing,
Ireland love for hers may nestle;
Scotland shall ever proudly cling
To her ancient emblem Thistle.

Lines on Scot's Centenary Meetings,

MINISTERS OF THE GOSPEL PRAISING THE WAVERLY NOVELS.

Why in Scotland such ado
About the novel Poet,
Numbering him among the few
That wonderous books have wrote.

'Mong the worshippers of Scott
Ministers of Christ we see.
If for novels Scotland vote,
What's old Scotland soon to be.

God's Word has been Scotland's stay,
For it hath her people fought;
Poor change, if its laid away
For the works of Walter Scott.

Had otherwise Scott's mind been bent
He'd shed a brighter ray.
Time reading novels is ill spent—
Is evil, thrown away.

Had I my time spent (once one said),
Reading the Waverly,
A poor account I'd have to make
To God, at the Last Day.

Grim Death that changes man's proud looks,
His soul from earth to free,
Made Scott call for the Book of Books
His comforter to be.

Had he through life made it his stay,
As at the last he thought,
More comfort when he past away
Sir Walter would have got.

To please earth's lords his aim through life,
And get himself a name;
'Twas with the Tory lord then rife
He tried to raise his fame.

And it's the Tories still we see
That's trying his fame to raise;
The Tory Clergy, oh how free
Are they to sound his praise.

The great ado some of them's made
Bring on their name a blot—
Shows Book of Books they've laid aside
Oft, for the books of Scott.

Who e're in Scotland thought to see,
Among the cleric folks,
A novelist preferred to be
Before the worthy Knox.

The greatest man she ever had
In time of her distress,
When the people were made sad
With laws which did oppress.

'T'was he whom the Lord did post,
Like Joshua of old,

To be Captain of his host
And Shepherd in the fold.

If in Scotland there doth stand.
A monumental claim,
It is Knox, and the martyr Band
Deserve the greatest fame.

Men who heeded not men's wrath
Sought only God to please ;
His blessing, with their labors, hath
Made Scotland what it is.

'Twas Knox and the faithful band
That with him stood and fought,
With Jacob's God at their right hand,
That Scotland's freedcm bought.

Novel Reading.

Some are particular what they read,
While others are not so ;
From good, some say that novels lead
The mind, and some say no.

" What book is that you're readin' frae ?"
A douce auld Scotchman said
Unto the Laird o' Whinny brae,
Who answered him and said :

" It's Ivanhoe, one of the best
Novels that's e'er been wrote ;
Its merits are like all the rest
That's penned by Walter Scott."

" Novels are no the books for me,"
The canny Scotchman said,
" Puir comfort when ane comes to dee,
Sic books are I'm afraid."

I've heard o' Revd. Brown, that he
Said ere his spirit went,
A puir account he'd hae to gie,
If he his time had spent

Writing or reading vain romance,
Books like the Waverly ;
To souls frae earth that's going hence
Thae canna shed a ray

O' heavenly light, through the dark vale
Through' which we a' mun go.
Sma' comfort when death us assails
Sic books can thae bestow.

Their writers write them for to please
Their readers,—to kill time.
We durst nae read sic books as these
In days o' auld lang syne.

Our ministers they warned us
Sic books nae for tae read,
Their lovers often were a class,
They said, who's souls were dead.

The worldling and the infidel
Are those who love them best ;
In them the christian cannot feel
Aught for his spirit's rest.

But to read Baxter's Warning Call,
Or Hervey on Creation,
Or Dodridge's Progress of the Soul,
Suit all in every station.

Which gives mankind a real view
O' their real state and need.
Such books they strengthen and renew
The minds o' a' wha read.

But novel readers till their faint
May read a' ever penn'd,

Their minds will never be content—
  Read they on to their end.

Through reading novels we ne'er get
  A glimpse o' Heaven's smile,
So be advised, Laird, never let
  Novels your mind beguile.

Then says the Laird o' Whinnny Brae,
  "All you say may be true,
But what's been done before our day
  Scott only brings to view.

"The ghosts and witches of the past,
  Of which there were a host,
In memory Scott, through novels, has
  Kept them from being lost.

"Let memory o' the host, once rife,
  Perish," the auld man said,
"Its often made me glad through life
  That a' the ghosts are laid."

The cruelty in the day that's past
  Hae often made me mourn,
To think that they for witches cast
  Auld wives in fires to burn.

Deeds o' our fathers makes me sigh
  And a' my flesh to grue,
Since they are dead, I'd let them lie
  And a' their actions too.

But says the Laird, "By them we see
  What education's done,
Before it superstitions flee
  Like clouds before the sun.

In education there is light
  Which we enjoy to-day,
Both ghosts and witches took ther flight
  Before it right away.

And Walter Scott just lets us see
What was before our time,
It cannot harm you or me
To read about Lang Syne."

"A weel, a weel," saith the auld man,
"A thing to me is clear,
Through readin' novels no ane can
Unto God be brought near.

Nae serious christians ere I knew
Read books o' sic a kind,
If any Lairds, I hope they're few,
So leave you to your mind."

To the Electors of the East Riding of Peterboro', August, 1872.

Honest electors want to find
A candidate of upright mind,
Whom none can turn or lead astray
From duty, promise what they may.
One who knows the country's need,
And who will fight to see it freed
From corruption in high places,
Which a country aye disgraces.
Such a candidate want we,
One that's liberal, bold and free,
Unshackled by the party chain
That binds the office-hunting men.
We do not want one who will lie
And promise what he ne'er will try,
And show us, after he's got in,
He looks on lying as no sin.
We want no speculation jobber,
Least he join some country robber,
And do, like some we've had before,
Scheme for himself the gouden ore.
Office and such are hard to sunder
While there's any chance to plunder.

The one we choose would need to know
Wants of the country, high and low,
From woodmen in the forest wide
To those who out for pleasure ride.
The one who really would suit best
Would be one who himself has dressed
The ground, where wild deer did once roam
Has made himself a goodly home;
Earned what he has by honest labour,
Not by pilfering from his neighbor;
Able to stand in truth's defence
And have the gift of common sense.
Otonabeeans, lead the van,
For Mr. Ingram is the man;
A man more fit we cannot get—
We hope electors will not sit
At home when polling day comes round,
But let your votes for him be found.

To a Minister Entering upon a New Field of Labour.

If to thy calling thou art true,
A deal of good here you may do;
If thou an even course pursue
There is no fear
That you will ever need to rue

You may find some stubborn and odd,
Such always found upon earth's sod,
And sometimes in the house of God
Will such appear,
But if you have God's staff and rod
You need not fear.

Tho' Satan himself should appear,
The garment of a saint to wear,
From such ye have no cause to fear;

Aye keep in mind
What Christ said when he tempted him here—
"Get thee behind."

Whatever shape the devil take,
Be it man, woman or a snake;
In whate'er dress himself he deck
You'll find him quaint
In trying your character to break,
If you're a saint.

Watch well their manners in this place,
For strange to you is every face;
Shun all backbiters as a race
That is untrue—
Seeming piety, not always grace,
Such may cheat you.

To a Friend.

Many years have past and fled
Since we to sports each other led;
To hear from old friends makes me glad,
But for to hear
You in the beggar-maker trade
I cannot bear.

Have you made covenant with death?
He'll not come soon and stop your breath;
You'r helping him with all your pith
To kill and slay,
Send men back to old mother earth
Without delay.

I've no excuse for you at all,
Selling for gain what doth enthral
In misery the immortal soul
Of mortal man;
Try, rather than sell alcohol,
Some other plan.

Better to beg from door to door,
And seek your bread the country o'er,
Rather than when on earth no more
Your soul be where
Poor drunkards gnaw in misery's core—
Lasting despair.

To Friends in the Old Country.

Fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers,
Acquaintances and friends,
Will happy be from us to hear—
We live not here like friends.

That here we keep the sabbath day
As you folks do at home,
And have our kirks and towering spires
And many an arch-roofed dome.

That we're not raising houses here
Wherein to have abode,
Neglecting houses for to build
Wherein to worship God.

We've likewise schools wherein the young
Get education free,
To fit them for business in life
That they may useful be.

Fullness of bread and plenty work
We've to our heart's content,
So you see of our coming here
We've no cause to repent.

Forest Pioneers,

We've listened oftentimes to hear
Old settler's stories, rife
Of hardships which they underwent
Beginning forest life.

Trees were to chop, log up, and burn.
Ere they a dwelling found,
And oftimes had, when wheat they got,
Hard work to get it ground.

Heroic 'twas for them to come
And face the forest so,
Their daring it was fully tried
Such trials to undergo.

No doctors near when they were sick
To ease them when in pain,
And as for cordials, but few
Could they at all obtain.

Amount of sufferings they passed through
Lie in oblivion, hid;
Those living in the country now
May wonder how they did.

They now from all their trials rest,
Their battles are all fought,
They're gone to where all quietly rest,
And where all's soon forgot.

Otonabee.

From Scotland to Otonabee
My destiny to roam,
A quarter of a century
I've had in thee my home.

Some places are on earth more famed
For riches and for wealth,
But there your life would be unsafe;
Each take law for himself.

Ne'er found in thee, Otonabee,
The tragic scenes that's told,
Acted in other places, said
To be the land of gold.

There's many from thy midst hath gone,
  Thought they'd have better luck,
That's wishing now, with anxious mind,
  That they were only back.

And some's come poorer back again
  Than when they left, we see ;
Friends, be advised to stay at home,
  If home is Otonabee.

Mrs. A. N——n.

She was left with her family
  When they were very young ;
Her husband, he died suddenly,
  Her heart with grief was wrung.

But in the Lord she put her trust,
  Her prayer was, night and day :
The Lord her husband be, and keep
  Her bairns from gaun astray.

In patience she her trial bore
  And humbly did sit,
To receive from God's loving hand
  Whatever he though fit.

She's seen her family all grown up,
  But one hath lately died ;
A young lad in the bloom of youth,
  His death her sorely tried.

She now is old, and round her knees
  Play her grandchildren fair ;
The Lord has a husband to her been,
  In answer to her prayer.

In Memoriam; Geo. Dickson,

WHO DIED MARCH 14, 1850.

The day being cold, he did retire
And laid himself down by his fire;
Sleep did him sieze and, ere he woke,
He had received the fatal stroke.
He rose that morning blythe and gay,
His thoughts on business of the day;
No signs appeared to change his state,
But, oh! ere night, how sad his fate.
The heart that rose in manly pride,
And seemed in health long to abide,
Ere night was laid down very low;
The fire had struck the fatal blow.
The skin that bore a healthy look
Its wonted hue ere night forsook;
He in sore pain and sorrow lay,
Before light dawned another day.
From his fate let all warning take,
And not the laws of nature break;
For, unexpected oft, death calls,
And by small causes ott man falls
Into his last, his narrow bed,
To be numbered among the dead.

Man.

Some like the foolish virgins are
Neglecting a supply
Of oil, to trim their dying lamps
Ere the bridegroom comes nigh.

And some believe all who are saved,
Ordained before the fall,
None but a certain number God
Designed to save at all.

And some Balaam's wish possess,
The means of grace deny,
Yet hope for the effectual call
To change them ere they die.

But in God's Book there's not one word
Of waiting till the morn ;
For all God's invitations are,
To-day if you'll return.

Well might the Patriarch exclaim :
" Man born of a woman
Is like a stubborn asses colt
Upon the desert common."

Epistle.

For the Peterborough Examiner.

MR. EDITOR,—

The following lines excuse.
Through principle you can't refuse
What is plain and honest truth,
Tho' it sometimes be uncouth.
Your principles sober are and good,
As yet they've unimpeached stood ;
Your paper columns ever open
To the truth, whatever happen.
An advocate for temperance strong
Fain to reclaim the erring throng ;
Evils through which intemperance flow
You try to let the people know,
The spirit traffic's blighting curse
That ruins man, body, soul, and purse.
Was there to come a foreign foe
And cause half the amount of woe,
Our volunteers would on them fall—
Destroy them be the cry of all.
There would not be an Irish Knot,
Nor yet a single canny Scot,

Nor Englishman, nor high nor low,
But would be up and face the foe.
You with the old ancestral will,
There would be spirit if not skill;
To death or victory they would go
To lay the vile usurper low.
Our Parliamenters would be scanning,
For the country's welfare planning;
No opposition would there be,
The people from the foe to free.
Too friendly they are with the foe
To plan for him the deadly blow,
War to the fallen is a curse,
To fall by drunkenness is worse.
Souls from the body war may sever,
Souls stained by strong drink's lost forever;
Records in heaven only can tell
How the traffic hath peopled hell.
Houses in our midst, it's sad to know,
They savor of the pit below;
Our youth within them are drawn in
These training schools to vice and sin;
The colored cup is sparkling there
With many an enticing snare.
In profane jest, in fiendish mirth,
They blaspheme God who gave them birth;
They think not on life's shortened space—
That very God they soon must face.
Vendors also but little think
Of evils caused by strong drink;
Before God, too, they must appear,
To tell what they've been doing here.
To ruin man, soul and body, they
Made it the business of the day.
Fathers there are in Christendom
Seemingly care not what become
Of their beloved children dear,
Or they would from the traffic clear.
What father he would like to have
His son to fill a drunkard's grave?
Some fathers seem care not a dot
Their children get to Heaven or not.

The liquor traffic's ever stood
A barrier against all that's good ;
When youthful days in vice are spent,
Seldom or never age repents.
Some old men still upon life's shore,
Whose heads with age are silvered o'er,
In youth the habit did acquire
To drink the burning, liquid fire ;
The habit in them still remain,
In spite of either shame or pain.
Friends may have tried, but tried in vain,
That they from drinking should refrain—
Told them as plain as plain could tell
The drunkard's portion it is hell.
Nothing said yet seems to fright them,
They'll drink altho' the deel should get them.
Among professors such the case,
Christians have need to cry alas ;
Achans within the camp there be,
From which the churches should be free.
As long as elders take the glass,
And deacons to their lips it press,
Ministers wink them not to see ;
Examples such the drunkard's plea.
Till in the church it be the rule
T'exclude from membership each soul
Who will not, for a brother's sake,
The inebriating cup forsake,
The liquor traffic still shall flow
And kill the seed church pastors sow.
I have enlarged, but there is need ;
Through drink there's many a christian dead,
While others their example see.
Their doings are used for a plea—
Such a one drinks, why should not I ?
Reprovers oft get in reply.
Excuse the diction of this letter,
The next I'll try and write it better ;
For printing it is poorly dressed,
Though sometimes odd things take the best.
I remain, Sir, yours ever true,
A friend to Temperance and to you.

Past Feeling.

Most serious thoughts do not effect
The hearts of some at all,
But hard remain, like to the rock
On which the rain drops fall.

The heart that's seeking pleasure here,
Where it cannot be found,
Cannot be raised by human means
From grovelling in the ground.

The ground, for man's sake, hath God cursed,
That man may feel and see
Another home he has to seek,
For here it cannot be.

His home in this forfeited is,
'Twas lost through Adam's fall,
On him, through sin, the sentence passed
Death upon mankind all.

But to redeem man back to God,
A second Adam has come,
Died for his sins and rose again—
Redeemed him from the tomb.

Who's now in Heaven, at God's right hand,
An advocate that's true;
Come then, poor sinners, and believe,
For Jesus died for you.

Lines on the Rev. Dr. Fowler's visit to Keene, May, 10, 1868.

Five years have passed away
Since the Dr. has been,
Until last Sabbath day
He preached here in Keene;

From every point the circuit round,
Within the church were people found.

When he stood up to read.
On him each eye did stare ;
Many there who had been freed,
Out of the power snare.
Hearts full of love towards him flowed,
For through him they were brought to God.

Seeing him, brought near the past,
Remembering years gone by,
When first their all they cast
Upon the Lord most high.
Remembering how they'd been rescued
Their former vows they there renewed.

What Christ Came to Do.

He came to save man from his sins
And from the sting of death,
And lived and died and prayed for man,
Up to his latest breath.

He left behind an empty tomb,
Ascended up to God.
Where he is now, inviting all
To come and have abode.

Who will not come, but sin on still,
God's angry with each day,
And when the general judgment comes
Unto such he will say ;

"Depart from me who would not hear
When I on you did call ;
The place for graceless souls prepared,
Into it you must fall."

In time let us God's Word obey,
Least darkness be our doom ;
Enter the Ark of safety now
And flee the wrath to come.

Man Needs the Rod.

Oft man, when down in trouble laid,
Will vow to God he'll no more sin ;
Such vows are seldom ever paid,
As soon as well he'll sin again.

Like Jacob on the mountain brow
When destitute and in distress,
Unto his father's God did vow,
If he would bring him back in peace,

And give him plenty food to eat
And raiment also to put on,
A house to God he would complete,
And set up a memorial stone.

But though God gave unto him more
Than he did either ask or think,
God had to visit as before
The sinew touch that did shrink.

To us God often has to come,
Cripple us in some vital part ;
Yea, bring us near unto the tomb,
Ere we give to him the whole heart.

A Contrast.

The worldlings dread to think of death—
Their pleasures go out with their breath ;
Christians, their happiness begins
When they're done with earthly things.
" What fools are they," the worldlings say,
When they see christians meet to pray,

But feel, when breathing out their last,
That their blest day of grace is past.
But christians rejoice to know
Their troubles end with things below,
That when they're done with all things here
Before their Saviour they'll appear.
Their tears shall all be wiped away,
No more they'll need to weep and pray,
But through eternity shall sing
The praises of their heavenly king.
It's joy to those who do believe
That with departed friends they'll live,
And see their Maker face to face
To sing the trophies of His grace.

Lines to a Young Woman.

Dear youth, oh little do you know
The feelings of a mother,
Whose love for you doth ever flow
Pure as the flowing river.

Pretending friendship oft we find
Unconstant as the weather,
But nothing ere can change the mind
Of a dear loving mother.

Hers was the heart that leaped for joy
When to the world you sprung,
Thy infant days she did employ
To nurse thee while she sung.

But oh, you were not weaned long
When thy dear father died,
Then sad lament instead of song,
For then she often cried.

Thousands of miles was she away
From all her kindred dear,

Bless'd it would been, she oft would say,
To have a mother near.

Go forward ! be thy mother's friend,
Let not thy friendship sever,
God will you bless if you are kind
To her who is your mother.

The Liquor Traffic.

Statistics of our country say,
Nine-tenth of crime in our day,
Through the liquor traffic's done,
Yet rulers vote for it to run.
They license that liquid flood
Which keep thousands back from God,
Down its stream the thousands go
To the pit of endless woe.
From the dust could drunkards rise
And stand up before their eyes
Round about Ontario all
As the fruits of alcohol,
Would the ghostly spectre lot
Make them 'gainst the traffic vote ?
Solemn words these ghosts could tell,
How the traffic peoples hell
With those who to ruin's led
By means of the liquor trade.
'Mong the motly host would be
Some of highest pedigree,
For among the high renowned
Oft are drunkards to be found.
Some men really are unfit
As representatives to sit,
To frame for a peoples' laws
Who'd expunge a righteous cause.
Out from where wine bibbers sit
We cannot expect to get
A law prohibiting the sale

Of those liquors by retail.
Until we get goodly men
For to legislate, till then
The liquor traffic it shall be
A curse to the community.
When a legislative chair
Has a brandy bottle there
None need ere expect to see
Laws favoring liberty.
But a means we all can use,
And themselves save if they choose,
Not to use strong drink at all,
Thus escape the drunkard's thrawl.
By doing this then shall we
From its evils be kept free,
Doing this would stop the still,
Soon there would be none to sell.
If the evil's not checked soon
Drink will be our country's doom.

The Aged Man.

Behold yon worn out, aged man
  Among the busy throng,
Whom age has bent, staff in each hand,
  How slow he moves along.

His limbs he nimbly used to ply
  Can hardly move along,
He's now in danger when without
  To mix among the throng.

His arms that used to labor hard
  And win his daily bread,
Are now so stiff he hardly can
  Lift them above his head.

His eyes, that used to spy afar,
  Are heavy, dull and dim,

No objects now divert his mind,
For everything seems grim.

Music did once delight his ear,
He danced, he played, he sung,
But grieves now spending precious time
So idly when young.

All things on earth now to him seem
But sorrow, grief and pain,
He finds it true, what wisdom saith,
That all things here are vain.

For another world now he looks,
For grace his soul applies
His time's spent reading the holy book
That now can make him wise.

He loves to read of holy men
Who gave their hearts to God,
And read of him who did remove
From pilgrim's back his load.

He finds out to be born again
Youth is the proper time,
And grieves about the time he spent
When in his youthful prime.

"I'd strength of body, then," he saith,
"Likewise a healthy mind
Oh how the world has cheated me,
I grieve I was so blind.

But oh how thankful should I be
That for me there is grace,
That, tho' it be the eleventh hour,
I yet can die in peace.

The allotted days for man on earth
I now have lived to see,
The messenger will soon be here
My soul from earth to free.

For very soon old mother earth
  Will claim me for her own ;
Like to a shock of corn, I,
  When ripe must be cut down.

Nothing on earth can satisfy
  My soul. this side the grave ;
From all its cankering cares I turn
  To him, who can me save.

To him who conquered death, and rode
  Triumphant o'er his foes ;
A shepherd He, under whose care
  His flock finds safe repose.

I know for me He suffered death
  My soul for to redeem ;
I once was lost but now am found,
  I long to be with Him.

The small, still voice it whispereth
  His welcome in my ear ;
Fear not, it saith, the Lord, thy God,
  Is to thee very near.

I am thy God, I with the am ;
  I keep unto the last
All souls committed to my care—
  They never can be lost.

For I am He, who once was dead,
  Men from their sins to free ;
But now alive forever more—
  None lost who trust in me.

When in my heart such light doth shine
  My heart is full of joy ;
But sometimes clouds of doubt doth come,
  Which does my peace annoy.

The time for my departure's near
  My strength is failing fast,

My race of life is nearly run,
  Here long I cannot last.

He'll soon be here who conquers all,
  To lay my body low ;
But with those who in Jesus sleep,
  I from your presence go.

My last advice to all I give,
  Leaving this world of care ;
Think often of your latter end
  Before death on you stare.

What'ere would lead your heart from God,
  Flee from as you would a foe ;
Indulge no sin within your mind,
  Nor with vile sinners go.

But lay up in thy mind God's Word,
  And seek through grace to rise
To heavenly bliss at God's right hand
  Where nothing ever dies.

Ye youth, who have a chance to live
  After the old are away,
For to be wise give ear, and hear
  What old folks have to say.

For youth is the proper time to seek
  The Lord, and to obtain
Assurance of the rest that doth
  For God's people remain.

And when you've done with all below—
  Passed o'er life's thorny road,
In Heaven you never will regret
  Ye gave your hearts to God.

You who are more advanced in life
  Mark well the part you play,
Lest like seed sown your actions grow
  When ye have passed away.

I now bid young and old adieu,
All on earth I hold dear ;
Hoping to meet you all in Heaven,
When done with all things here.

In Memoriam.

JOHN ROBERTSON AND JOSEPH BLIZARD, WHO WERE DROWNED IN RICE LALE, OCT., 1849.

Oh how solemn is the news
That is going around,
That a boat hath upset
And two men there are drowned.

In such weather who are they
Who did their lives hazard ?
The one is John Robertson,
The other Joe Blizard.

They went in a boat
To go on to Keene ;
A friend on the shore
Asked what they did mean.

Says he, the wind's strong
And the swell rises high ;
They would not be stopped,
But said they would try.

They got safe to Keene,
But returning again
The wind it was blowing
A real hurricane.

And the rain it was falling
So sharp and so cold,
What the poor fellows suffered
Can never be told.

They had nearly got back,
And close to the shore
The boat had upset ;
What can we say more ?

There was no one to see,
There was no one to hear,
To tell what of suffering,
To tell what of fear

When the boat had upset
John had sprung, for he stood
Fully up to his knees
Stuck fast in the mud.

The water near covering
The top of his head.
In this state they found him
Both cold, stiff, and dead.

Nearer to the shore, dead,
Poor Joe he was found,
Lying across the boat's bottom,
Which was nearly aground.

Relations they mourn,
Acquaintances grieve ;
They were good-natured men
As ever did live.

Whom they harmed most
Were their own selves alone ;
But now its all over,
For, alas they are gone.

Joshua's Faithfulness.

"AS FOR ME AND MY HOUSE, WE SHALL SERVE THE LORD"

Joshua from among the thousands
Was chosen Captain of the Host,
'Cause he was in duty faithful
Did God honor him the most.

Loud he spoke among the people,
That everyone might hear his word;
"Choose ye this day whom ye shall serve—
Me and my house will serve the Lord."

He did not serve God like some Christians,
The world did not him unnerve—
One day did not worship Mammon,
The next day try the Lord to serve.

Nor did he make excuse by saying
That worldly business pressed him sore;
Had no time to-day for worship
And lose a precious business hour.

Round about him he would gather
His household, and did read and pray,
And count the time he spent in worship
The best spent time of all the day.

He knew soldiers were most valiant
With their captain at their head;
Therefore, sought the Lord each morning
To be his captain and his guide.

Like Joshua then let us worship
God with our families every day;
The church rule for every member
Is night and morning for to pray.

Living christians, ne'er neglect it,
Only dead ones find excuse,
He's in a fearful state that's saying
For prayer he has no time to lose.

The World's a Stage.

The world's a stage, a school to try
Mankind, to learn to live to die ;
He enters life a feeble thing,
The most helpless of any being.
Comes naked on the stage of time,
Makes his exit bare as he came.
As long as he lives he seeks to find
Something to please his earthly mind,
And, when he hath fulfilled his years,
Gives up the ghost and disappears ;
Unsatisfied oft in his mind
To leave his worldly goods behind.
The miser glued fast o'er his gold,
In death must loose his firm hold ;
The covetous and selfish too,
Must cease their cravings to pursue.
Tho' they with nabbish grasp hold tight
And grudge to do the thing that's right,
When they their acts in life have played,
Back from the stage must retrograde.
None from earth joyfully pass away,
But those who've seen their need to pray ;
That's sought the Lord and found his grace
That they may live and die in peace.
Such only can lay down the head
In peace and quiet among the dead.
And in death's dark vale joyfully cry :
"The Lord is our portion when we die."

Archibald McNivin, of Otonabee

What of his history we know,
He came here fifty years ago ;
Tho' little more than five feet high,
To wrestle with him few would try.

In Scotland he was born and bred,
Where mountains are with heather clad,
And valleys green where gowans spring,
And blackbirds and the linties sing ;
Where nature spreads her beauties forth
Among the hills, beyond the Forth.
When young, like many that we see,
He learned to drink the barley bree,
Which was not then counted a sin,
If moderation they kept in.
Ministers then the creature blest,
And took their dram among the rest.
Sometime ere he from Scotland fled
He carried on the smuggling trade,
Amang auld Scotland's heathery hills,
Her craggy glens and mountain rills ;
Within a cave remote from view,
He brewed the Highland mountain dew,
Which oft caused Highlanders to see
The ghosts and fairy children drea ;
But no ghost story e'er did fright,
Or keep McNivin in at night.
In proof of this he lets us know
He into graveyard vaults did go,
Their rusty iron bars push through,
To hide his kegs of mountain dew.
He knew his whisky safe was hid,
When it was in among the dead ;
Some living there perhapshe knew,
That when alive drank mountain dew,
Which caused them in their journey halt
And take their long rest in the vault.
Tho' strong drink causes life to depart
The living take it not to heart ;
From strong drink some will not refrain,
Tho' through it kith and kin were slain.
Out of the grave they might arise,
In ghastly form, with flaming eyes,
And tell them of their after woe,
Unto their cups they still would go.
No spectre e'er did Archie see,
Though often in the vault was he ;

Of good or bad he ne'er saw aught,
When going in or coming out.
Though cunning be the smuggling race
To seek a hidden hiding place,
The Excise are as cute as they
And seldom fail to find their prey.
One day when Archie thought all safe
Two men came in, each with a staff,
Who roughly spoke to him and said :
"To smuggle are ye not afraid.
In the king's name we come to you
To sieze your still and mountain dew."
They siezed his liquor, broke his pans,
And swore by all the Highland clans
He'd brew there nae mair barley bree,
For he'd be banished o'er the sea.
Being fearful of what they did say,
Archie cleared out and run away ;
Toward the sea his course he led,
Took ship and crossed the ocean bed,
And landed in America,
Near Perth in Upper Canada.
No word then about teetotal ;
Every house then had its bottle.
The drink was cheap and friendship true—
Always the case when people's few.
Whoever Archy went too see,
Love it was sealed with barley bree,
And kept on drinking ott until
The wee short hours ayont the twall.
He being of a quick sighted cast,
Few things unnoticed by him passed ;
When drink is in and wit is out,
Some careless are 'gainst whom they spout.
Thus Archie learned 'gainst whom to jest,
Their clothes he very soon unlaced,
For if they vexed him he would swear
And off their backs the clothes he'd tear.
Just like a bulldog did he fight;
Where he took hold there he held tight
Till off them every stich was torn,
And left as bare as they were born.

As on the wheels of time did roll
So did his love for alcohol,
A piece of work he'd hardly do
Without supplied with mountain dew;
Oft drinking all that he could gain,
And never thought of to refrain,
Till not a cent he'd down to throw,
Then back to work he had to go.

He oftentimes was poorly clad—
His working clothes were all he had;
'Mong drunken brawls and hardships rife
He thirty years spent of his life.
'Twas often thought by many a one
No temperance pledge could save that man;
One day he took a sickish fit,
And wished a doctor for to get;
Keene doctor would not go and see
Archy, till he was paid his fee,
Which caused poor Archy to feel sad
And think his situation bad.
"Want him, I must, then, die or live,"
Says he, "for I've nought to give;
Strong drink, the cause of this, my lot,
Nae mair o't sal gang down my throat—
On barley bree I'll nae mair feast,
It's brought me now below the beast.
To a low ebb drink's brought me now,
I'm far below the cooper's cow—
Unto his cow, the other day,
They got a doctor right away.
(Such conduct to one in distress–
Was Archy low? Wright, he was less.)
Some temperance men they took the chance
And spoke to him on temperance,
He signed the pledge then right away,
And keeps it still unto this day.
He was not long a sober man
Till he had houses of his own,
Through which he can, himself, he says,
Live independent all his days.

Archibald McNiven's Address.

FOR THE TEMPERANCE CAUSE.

When I was a drinking, the truth I tell you,
I never felt happy but when I was fu',
My mind was confused, my feelings were hard,
My hands were aye ready some one for to card. *
My chief friends, those only who dealt in the glass—
But the friendship was shallow, to you I confess,
For small are their friendship who drink barley bree,
And short time do drunkards, when drinking, agree.
For oft when we had got a bumper or two,
Strife would then begin and a quarrel ensue;
The drink changed our friendship, made friends become foes,
Changed words spoke in jest into actions and blows.
My hands oft on folks were like paws of a bear,
Which throppled them tight while my feet they did tear,
The clothes of their backs were very soon torn,
And them left as naked as when they were born.
Thirty years on life's ocean, of the grace of God free,
I tossed up and down like a wave of the sea,
A spewing out filth as I onward did pass
With the scum of mankind—the friends of the glass.
God helping me, I intend no more to taste
What brought me once down far below any brute beast;
The devil, through drink, shall no more fetter me,
Since out of his clutches I mean to keep free.
Had it not been for some men of the temperance band,
I still would been under the devil's command,
And still been frequenting the murderers' den,
Or been among those king alcohol's slain.
Bar-keepers and cronies they set on me strong,
Saying I will not stick to the pledge very long;
They laugh at me, now, but I fear they shall weep
When the Judge he divideth the goats from the sheep.

* What he called carding was tearing the clothes of them.

T'ank God, I'm now free from the foul fiend's control,
And free from the fume of the drug alcohol;
When drinking I durst not look into God's word,
Since sober I've given my heart to the Lord.
At the day of judgment I hope to get free,
With the penitent thief, a saved one to be,
Praying for divine grace to keep me while here,
That at God's right hand I at last may appear—
To sing, while eternity onward doth roll,
Of God's love and mercy to my sinful soul.

Archibald McNiven's Account of His Conversion.

When free from fume of alcohol
I began to think of my soul;
God's word I then began to read—
His holy law filled me with dread.
I saw I'd been, when viewing my ways,
Fighting against God a' my days.
When reading of the sinner's doom—
The sinner's fate, the wrath to come,
Gloom and despair did seize my mind.
No word of compact could I find.
The thoughts within me that were rife
Were thoughts about my mis-spent life;
My agony of mind so geeat
When thinking on my pending fate;
'Twas hell to live, 'twas hell to die—
Self-murder almost tempted to try.
One with a load of sins so great
Must be, I thought, a reprobate,
And if so by God doomed to be,
There is no grace at all for me.
Scripture, for me, none could select—
I was not one of God's elect;
If souls in hell they suffer so
It may be called a place of woe,

For words in no wise can pourtray
My state of mind— its agony.
At that time, in the open air,
The methodists they met for prayer ;
A friend advised me there to go.
Spirit of prayer might ease my woe.
Great sinners like myself were there,
Their feelings breathing out in prayer.
My knees among them I did bend,
And 'mong them found the sinner's friend ;
Unto my soul God's spirit said,
" My grace is free," which made me glad.
My load of sin grace did remove,
And changed my hard heart God to love ;
Now as the vine clings to the poll,
So to my Saviour cleaves my soul.
On Him alone I hope to rise
Until I meet Him in the skies,
Among the ransomed throng to stand,
Who from the fire was plucked, a brand.

Lines,

ON HEARING THE REVD. J. GREENER, FROM LINDSAY, PREACH IN THE METHODIST CHURCH, KEENE, JULY 1873.

To preach last Sabbath day in Keene,
An old man did appear ;
By his appearance could be seen
He'd preached for many a year.

Tho' hoary was his head, and gray,
In health he seemed all well.
He'd come from Lindsay all the way
The gospel news to tell.

Stamp of a man of God he bore,
In him there seemed no guile ;
Rising to praise and God adore,
He did it with a smile.

When praise was sung, and he had prayed,
He opened up the Word,

And from its sacred pages read
The statutes of the Lord.

He then the people did address,
And o'er his hearers had
Great power, the careless to impress
And make believers glad.

He seemed to have the gift to teach
And make the gospel plain,
And many a one who heard him preach
Wished to hear him again.

Longer we hear him, some did say,
The more is our desire,
For we could sit for a whole day
And hear him. without tire.

The gospel which he preached that day,
Both to saint and sinner,
We trust will be the hope and stay
Of the aged Greener.

And when that he hath no more need
God's Word him to inspire,
May he have at the end decreed
Many souls for his hire.

Rev. Samuel Wilson; Wcgleyan Minister.

Ever Scotchman-like an' canny,
Kind and affable is he ;
(As one said) who injures Sammy
He must very wicked be.

In the expounding gospel truth
There's few doth him excel ;
For darkened minds great is his worth
Gloom and doubt to dispel.

Nothing by random brings he forth,
He studies all he says ;
Man yet unborn shall know his worth --
Be heard to speak his praise.

For what's now heard within the pew
Shall be by thousands read,
Refreshing souls, like morning dew
Upon the tender blade.

Who profits not by hearing him
Should blush it to mention,
For in themselves must rest the blame
For their inattention.

There's none who ever heard him preach,
Can 'gainst him tidings bear,
And say he was unfit to teach,
Were they inclined to hear.

Close to his text he aye doth keep
And brings forth truth so strong,
None of his hearers ever sleep
'Mong the assembled throng.

We hope on earth he'l long remain,
A preacher of the word—
The honored character retain,
A servant of the Lord.

In Memoriam

OF ISABELLA BROWNLIE, WIFE OF JAMES MILLER, ESQ., OTONABEE, WHO DIED 8TH SEPTEMBER, 1869, AND IS INTERRED IN LITTLE LAKE CEMETERY.

Addressed to the Family.

Within yon hallowed spot,
'Neath a memorial stone
Rests one whom you ought not
Forget to think upon.

Think of her anxious care
For you, both day and night;
No labor did she spare
To see you all kept right.

As wife, she frugal was,
As mother, ever kind;
As neighbour, none had cause
E'er fault with her to find.

She handsome was, and fair,
'Bove common in her youth;
And in her heart dwelt there
The principles of truth.

But now she's lying low,
Close by the Little Lake.
Next 'mong you who will go?
Death tells not whom he'll take.

But be ye ready all
While here on earth ye roam,
That when death on you call
Heaven may be your home.

Scotch Rhymes.

Those we in childhood used to hear,
Bring to the memory thoughts that's dear;
For in our minds there still doth clin;
Verses we heard our mothers sing.

When we did climb upon their knees
To hear them sing o' Scotland's braes,
Verses from Burns or Tannahill,
Or others of poetic skill.

For Scotland's had since early time
Events recorded down in rhyme;
When neighbors they of others sung,
And, too, in their own mother tongue.

Young folks could not a courting go
But all the country had to know;
Or elder take an extra horn,
But his name round in rhyme was borne.

Till every man and mother's son
Knew what the elder he had done.
When an old piper chanced to die
Lament was made both far and nigh.

Nae mair he'd make his pipes to squeel,
And play them Tolouch gorum reel;
Of battles fought, of battles won,
Of what was said and what was done.

The poets pen it had to dot
And put in metre news they'd got,
Till in ilk cot by old and young
All past events in verse were sung.

Scotch history would not been so long
But for the poet's verse in song.

Temperance Call.

Come all enlightened by the truth,
From east, from west, from north, from south ;
Come principle and honest worth,
Unite, combine
To stop the progress and the growth
Of sin and crime.

Come all who drunkards' miseries see,
Or from their cups, reclaimed would be—
All whose desire is to be free
From slavery's thrall.
Whom strong drink be advised to flee,
Which ruins the soul.

Come fathers all, drunkards or not,
Help to wipe out our country's blot,
For your dear children's sake ye've got
Espouse the cause ;
Good in the world's been always wrought
Through temperance laws.

Come mothers who would love to see
Your children all what they should be,
You know that temperance agrees
With revelation—
That God's word bids all mankind flee
From all temptation.

Come all who know the sin and woe
Which daily from these liquors flow,
Degrading man far, far below
The brute creation ;
More brute-like he than they will go
By intoxication.

The Bible, God's Will to Man

Bible, my Father's will to me,
Containing precept and decree—
Containing all I need to know
While in this vale of tears below;
Tells me why God devised the plan
In making Adam the first man,
And also why he did create
The woman, Eve, for his helpmate.
Pure was the heart of Adam then—
No heartfelt grief, no bodily pain,
No sorrow felt until that sin
Defiled the soul of man within.
How soon corruption did appear,
And love and joy to leave their sphere,
And potent sin, itself display
In Cain, who did his brother slay.
Man's wickedness became so great
God grieved that he did him create,
From then till now history doth show
Man's corrupt state on earth below.
The next part we would here review,
Angels desired to look into,
So strange, mysterious the plan
That was to save rebellious man.
Atone for sin, 'twould not suffice,
Although man offered sacrifice;
The son of God He must appear
On earth, a human body bear—
Open a new and living way
And for man's guilt a ransom pay.
On earth he suffers grief and pain
That man might be redeemed again,
And dies on Calvary's rugged tree
That he from sin mankind might free.
God is well pleased with his son,
What he for sinful man has done,
And seated him at his right hand,
With power o'er all at his command.
Justice it now is satisfied
Since God's beloved son has died;

All you who would salvation have,
He's waiting for your souls to save;
Go to Him now, he bids you come,
And says for you in Heaven there's room.
All who would from their sins be free,
He saith to such—Come unto me;
Tho' your sins be of scarlet hue,
His grace, poor sinner, can save you.

My Soul Praise Thou the Lord.

Enough! I cannot! I praise
My loving Saviour's name,
To Him in grateful lays
His grace I will proclaim.

Since I with joy can say,
He bled and died for me,
From under Satan's sway
He came and set me free.

When I was on the road
That leads to endless woe,
He sent his chastening rod
And freed me from my foe.

'Twas Jacob wrestling then
Until the day did dawn,
The blessing to obtain
And be a pardoned one.

Decrees of God.

"The Lord looketh down from Heaven,
He beholdeth all the sons of men,—
He fashioneth their hearts alike,
He considereth all their works."—Psalms, 33.

Angels and man God did create,
Under a law to rule their fate;

If to that law they were not true
Avenging justice would pursue.
They both seem made with power to stand
For to obey God's high command ;
Of angels' fall, all we can tell,
Through disobedience they fell.
Man too, was made an agent free ;
The Word of God throughout agree
Had power to stand was free to fall ;
His disobeying brought death on all.
As federal head for all his race
Did God on earth he Adam place ;
The reason why He made him so
God does not let His creatures know.
One thing man knows, and that is he
Hath sinned, and is an agent free ;
Free to sin, loud his works declare
Ever since the fall he's been, which mar
His joy and peace on earth below ;
For sin hath ever brought him woe.
To fall God did not will him, so
That man His sovereign power might know ;
God willed not man to grief and sorrow,
In order to enhance his glory.
God as the potter did not make
The vessel man, on purpose to break.
God never willed man to be driven
From the happiness of heaven.
But turn ye, oh why would ye die ?
To sinful man God's loving cry.
No word in all the sacred roll
Of God loving to condemn a soul,
But invites all the human race
To be partakers of His grace,
And God's foreknowledge doth not rule
The actions of the rake and fool.
Foreknowledge of God hath nought to do
With deeds that sinner's hearts pursue ;
But, if ruled by decrees, it must,
Which makes out God as being unjust,
Necessitated by decrees ;
Man free from blame do what he please.
Take from man his free agency,
Then he cannot condemned be ;

But, like machines, he moves or stands
As the propelling power commands.
In Adam all mankind they fell,
And became heirs to death and hell ;
But God he did to Adam give
A promise that he yet might live.
The promise was, the woman's seed
Would come and bruise the Serpent's head.
When Christ, the promised seed, did come,
He conquered death, hell and the tomb.
His life for sinners did he give
That they, as just. through him might live ;
Inviting all the human race
To be partakers of His grace.
Come unto Me, doth Jesus say,
I am the life, the truth, the way.
No reprobated ones has He
Ordained from all eternity ;
But sinners of the blackest dye,
To them the voice of mercy cry :
Water of life, to you I give,
Come unto me, believe and live.
Grace free to all through Christ by faith,
Free as the air of Heaven we breathe.
As sin brought death, through Adam's fall,
As grace brings life through Christ for all.
That grace for all, through Christ, is free
The Christian creed, Bible decree.

Creation.

When God the World's foundation laid
And all things in the world were made,
Man in God's image perfect stood ;
All God made, he pronounced it good.
All things on earth God gave to man,
Fit for his use, but only one ;
Only one tree God did reserve,
A tree to prove man would preserve

Untouched, midst of the garden fair,
To touch its fruit he must forbear.
God man's obedience thus did try,
Said eat not of it, else you die.
It seems at this important hour
A fallen angel possessed power
For to thwart God's holy plan
And ruin the happy state of man,
Who subtily at this crisis came
In the shape of a serpent tame,
Tempt Eve to take fruit from the tree
Which God said should not touched be—
That they would find it good for food
And know, as gods, evil and good.
Eve listened with attentive ear,
Believing all that she did hear,
Viewing the tree with cautious care.
She saw the fruit looked good and fair,
Took from the tree, that fixed their state;
Its fruit, which she and Adam ate.
Through this temptation Adam fell
And became heir to death and hell.
Since then death through the world doth go
And lays the sons of Adam low.

Redemption.

To redeem mankind from death's wound
And him restore, in heaven was found
One who the serpent's head would bruise,
Give man another chance to choose.
He of the woman's seed would come
And free mankind from death, their doom—
A promise that to man was given
When he from Paradise was driven.
As time rolled on and nations grew,
The true God, known by but a few,

The promised one expected long,
Oft heard of in prophetic song,
Longed for by all the godly race
Who sought salvation through his grace ;
The long expected hour it came,
He comes to those who called by his name ;
But, oh ! in him they do not see
A personage of high degree.
Born in a manger, humble case,
And has no certain dwelling place ;
No earthly honors does he bring,
They will not own Him for their king.
He comes not for to feed their pride,
He comes to be their Lord and guide ;
He came rich blessings to impart,
To cleanse and purify the heart.
He came the lowly for to raise,
That God, their maker, they might praise ;
To save man from sin, death and hell,
The scripture promises fulfill.
The sin-sick soul he does forgive,
To all he says : Believe and live ;
The poor and needy, too, him seek,
He is so humble and so meek.
All the diseased to Him comes,
In health he sends them to their homes ;
The lepers healed, the dumb they talk,
The blind they see, the lame they walk—
The dead are raised to life again,
The palsied they their health regain,
The withered hand it is restored ;
And devils tremble at His word,
Leaving the poor possessed, unhurt ;
They cry, we know Thee, who Thou art,
Jesus, the son of the Most High,
Come to torment us, was their cry.
God's only son, indeed, was He,
The promised one to set man free ;
From sin, and death and hell He came,
None saved from wrath but through His name.
Adam, the first, of dust was made,
He sinned, again in dust he's laid ;

The second Adam from on high,
Comes in man's room and stead to die.
For man on earth he suffers pain,
That He might Him restore again ;
Pardon through Him alone is given,
Man again made an heir of heaven.
Come then all who would pardon have,
Jesus you from your sins can save ;
The most abandoned may draw near,
He for to save such did appear.
He laid his Heavenly glory by,
For sinful man to bleed and die ;
He's waiting now, He bids you come,
And saith in heaven for you there's room.
Altho' your sins like scarlet be,
He died for all, He died for thee ;
None lost when man receives his doom,
But those who did refuse to come.

Lines

ON READING SOME LETTTERS AGAINST THE GALT REVIVAL, MAY 1869.

When God doth down his spirit's pour,
A special work is wrought ;
The Gospel, when it comes with power,
Men under it are brought.

The gospel invites all to come,
Yea, all without exception ;
For believers, in heaven there's room,
With God there's no deception.

When Christ on earth his work began,
The devil he did rage ;
He's raging still against God's plan
To save in this, our age.

Yea, some who serve in holy things
  Irreverently arise,
Calls one who to the gospel clings
  A teacher full of lies.

Such conduct show they never had
  Their hearts changed by the word,
Like Jews of old, they count all mad
  Who cleave close to the Lord.

And, like the Pharisees of old,
  Under a name they lurk,
Against free grace their speech is bold,
  From such God save the kirk.

To W. M——, Esq.

To Malcolm, king o' Scotia's race,
His lineage he doth backward trace.
Born where he a sceptre swayed,
Where warriors fought and martyrs prayed,
Where Wallace and the Camerons fought,
Whose blood their country's freedom bought.
The Malcolm we before you bring,
Tho' neither warrior nor king,
To fight or royal septre sway;
Like spirit reigns in him to day,
Which made those men in days of yore,
To fight for freedom, till in gore
In battle they thein lives did yield
And die upon the battle field.
The rulers we have in our day,
The family compact with John A,
Was he their judge, he would them serve,
And give them what their crimes deserve.
Men rob the country as they've done,
And still to let them guiltless run;
Swindlers may now say, and say true,
They do but what law-makers do.

The Yankees now may at us laugh,
Point out to us our ruling staff,
Tell us that we have enough Fenian
'Mong ourselves in the Dominion,
Whose leader cannot Ireland blot,
He being a wiley, canny Scott.
Great reason is there to lament,
So many 'mong us rest content,
Care not who the country's under,
Vote for men to rob and plunder.
We hope the time is not far by
When Tory principles shall die,
And justice universal reign;
Men not hunt office for self gain.
It would our country profit much,
If honest rulers we had such,
Who'd ever seek the country's weal,
And not like ragamuffins steal.
'Gainst fraud and theft, doth there not stand,
In the law statutes of our Land,
A law to punish, and not pass
A thief or any that transgress.
If so, then the present swindle,
British law is bound to handle.
If lawmakers the law transgress,
Why should their punishment be less
Than the poor man, through lack of bread
Steals to supply his present need?
The one steals, life to sustain,
But belted Knights they steel for gain.
There could not landed on our shore
A Fenian band t'would robbed us more,
O Scotland, we are grieved to see
Such graceless Knights belong to thee,
That would betray such honored trust
And lay all glory in the dust.
Where will you find such humbling sight:
In power, ruling a nation's rights.
All those who legislate or rule,
Ought neither to be rogues nor fools,
If these we've got, their seats retain,
Such as they've done they'd do again,

Some thousands more may Sandy strive
The pouch before he leaves the hive.
As Lyon McKenzie said, now gone,
"Such Scotchmen we're ashamed to own."
Pity for men who're gifted so,
Should ever yield to stoop so low—
To do what they know is unjust,
Deceive the people, betray trust,
And bring upon themselves disgrace
Their future life will not deface.
What has their found-out conduct done?
Folks see what party now to shun.
There's nothing in the world we see
'Bout which so many disagree
And make such a wordy storm
As the simple word "Reform,"
Which only means the turning post
We turn at when we find we're lost,
Or when a better course we find.
We say that we have changed our mind
Soon as the better path we know,
The better way, if wise we go.
A bad road may seem good awhile,
Be smooth, and may at quite beguile,
Used often people's eyes to blind
And lead the unsuspecting mind,
Such as our present state affairs
At which the world in wonder stares.
We wonder not folks being deceived,
Who in creation could believed
That these high famed and knighted few
Would done what they're proved to do,
For how could honest men believe
That men so honored would deceive?
We have got a dear bought caution,
Least we're served in the same fashion,
All those who with the party went
Must be kept back, or we'll repent.
No doubt they have by heart the rule
They learned at their master's school,
And work it too, if back they go,
And do just as their masters do

Since ever such a party's been
They've always wrought things selfish, mean,
Go view them for a century back,
How tyrannically they did act.
Had they the power as they've the will,
Reformers would be banished still,
Such power they'll never have again
While truth and liberty doth reign.
Justice in scales have tried their weight
And found them all to weigh too light.
Since justice from her scales has cast them,
Wisdom saith "From office cast them."

Souls Supposed to be in the Pit of Woe Through the Liquor Traffic.

Murderers there may be, who
Through strong drink their dearest slew;
Prostitutes once good and fair,
Who, in spite of parents' care,
Drunken seducers led astray
From virtue and parents' sway.
Fathers, too, who when here
Acted to their wives severe.
With whom no friends peace did have
Until they filled the drunkard's grave.
Prodigals, too, may be there,
Who through sorrow, grief and care,
To the grave fond parents brought,
With grey hairs, though grief and thought.
Likewise the dealers in the trade,
Who unto ruin thousands led;
Who from the traffic would not rise
Until that death sealed up their eyes.
Also those among the host
Who through life did make their boast—
They'd drink, and its ill defy,
Yet at last did drunkards die.
Some have thought there also may
Be ministers who went astray,

Drinking wine like ancient Lot
Until their Maker they forgot.
Man's suppones may be wrong,
But God's word it speaketh strong,
Plain for all the language given,
No drunkard shall enter Heaven.

The Gospel Call.

Christ's calling us to-day,
From sin to set us free,
Lest we be cast away
Like the unfruitful tree,
To lament among the rebel host—
Our summer's past, our souls are lost!

Souls, when the bodies die,
Go to the left or right,
Either to heaven they hie
Or else to endless night,
Where devils and lost spirits dwell,
Whose torments none on earth can tell.

But to escape such doom
There's full provision made,
Christ suffered in our room,
On Him our sins were laid,
And is our advocate on high,
Can all our needy wants supply.

Here we are sick and dying
And dead we soon shall be,
At hell's mouth we are lying
In which we soon shall be,
If we reject the gospel call
To come to Christ, who died for all.

False Professors.

My heart its often sighed and grieved
As it under a load,
To see some who say they believe
In Jesus and in God.

And yet sow seed of deadly kind
Among the rising young,
May He who can the fire brands save
Send down the firy tongue.

That they may feel their unsaved state,
Their evil hearts see through,
Be brought to cry unto the Lord,
"What shall thou have us do?"

The Sabbath.

God for each one this day hath blest,
Made it for man a day of rest,
From labor cease, of earthly kind,
That heavenly peace may fill the mind.

But earthly cares and worldly thought
Are often snares mankind has got,
Which keep away from heavenly rest
Souls on this day from being blest.

If on this day by these assailed—
The only way these are dispelled—
Draw near in faith to God in prayer,
God's word it saith, He'll meet us there.

At throne of grace our souls be blest,
With perfect peace and heavenly rest;
For all who there for mercy call,
There's grace to spare for one and all.

Come friends, then, and neighbours round,
Pardon obtain, grace doth abound ;
Free grace for all proclaimed to-day,
Hear, hear the call ! come, come away.

None reprobated, all may come,
God never hated any one,
But gave His son for mankind all,
That were undone, ruined by the fall.

No longer grieve since grace is free,
Only believe Christ died for thee,
And flee from sin's polluting stain
That you in heaven with Christ may reign.

The Repenting Brother.

For what I've done I'm grieved,
Dear brother, do forgive ;
I hope I will no more grieve thee
As long as I shall live.

Day and night it has grieved me
Since e'er I did offend ;
Loving to thee I hope I'll be,
Until life it shall end.

Ever since I wronged thee, brother,
I've had no peace of soul,
I have prayed God to forgive me
And make my spirit whole.

That we henceforth live together
In unity and peace,
And have love for each other
That never more shall cease.

Praying for God's holy spirit, He
May make our hearts his place,
That in heaven we together
May sing redeeming grace.

Experience Teacheth Fools.

Experience teacheth fools, 'tis said—
Experience the old have had.
Give ear ye youth of every age
To wisdom from the old and sage,
Youth always ought attention pay
To what the old has got to say,
And reverence give by word and look
When they give counsel or rebuke.
Had Rehoboam attention paid
To what the old, wise men had said,
He would not of his tribes lost ten
Had he took counsel from old men.
This world to all it is a school,
All learn by precept and by rule ;
So the experience of the old
More precious is to youth than gold.
A youth stubborn in his way,
Who will not hear what old folks say,
Do oft repent when its too late,
When ruin and misery is his fate.
To purify a young man's ways
In heart and life, King David says :
If on God's law he meditates
And every evil practice hates,
He'll come to know what's man's chief end
When to God's Word he doth attend.
God shall be with him everywhere,
To guide him through this world of care,
And when past o'er life swelling ford,
Be his exceeding great reward.

Another Week is Gone.

Another week hath pass'd and gone,
Our ways and thoughts let's think upon ;
What progress heavenward we've made,
While we've been gliding down life's tide
Past deeds we cannot back recall,
These stand forth against us all ;
Registered in God's Book are they,
To be read on the judgement day.
How oft we feel an evil thought
Up in our minds to rise, unsought ;
We've need to seek supporting grace,
Temptations in the world to face.
As God hath promised every one
Who seek shall find, for there are none
Rejected, who on God doth call,
God's grace it reacheth unto all.
'Gainst us be not a single day
Registered thus, He did not pray,
But day by day, while we have breath
May it be said, Behold he Prayeth !

Peace passing Human Understanding.

There is a perfect peace
The Lord He doth bestow
To all, through sovereign grace,
Who seek His name to know.

Who e'er the gift receive
Their sins are all forgiven ;
All who in Christ believe,
Through grace, are heirs of heaven.

But to believe that God
Doth rule supreme on high,

Does not remove the load
Of sins that on us lie.

For devils this believe
And still God's wrath partake;
Knowledge does not relieve
Them from the burning lake.

What we are to believe
Must inwardly be felt;
Through faith we must receive
The pardon of our guilt.

Through Jesus Christ alone
The pardon it must come,
God's well beloved son
Who did for sin atone.

He for our sins did die,
Our surety He became;
None saved but who apply
For pardon through his name.

The House of God.

We love God's house, let no one it deride,
The house of worship where God doth reside;
But God's more anxious for hearts free from sin,
Than spacious walls, His spirit to dwell in.
Was I to worship in some golden shrine
Its would God's spirit in my heart more shine;
Thank God He's found within the humble door.
Gold God attracts not, or His Grace allure,
Heaven is God's throne, the earth His footstool is,
To relieve suffering it would God more please,
Than foster pride within the human heart,
From which He bids us in His word depart.
We find recorded in the word of God
'Twas pride drove Satan from His high abode;

Likewise through pride that our first parents fell—
Cause of the misery that around us dwell.
Lust of the flesh and pride in man's been found
Cause of all ills that in the world abound
The proud's no promise in God's holy book,
But to the humble God hath said, He'll look.

To Drunken Fathers.

Fathers who round the bottle press,
To you a few lines I address,
That you may think on the distress
You cause to abound
To those whom you ought to caress
In love profound.

But, oh! instead of love and joy,
Your family's peace you do annoy;
Your evil ways tend to destroy
A lovely scene,
If you'd have peace without alloy,
Act not so mean.

The evil you've already done
Can't be recalled beneath the sun,
But turn ye before time has run
Your sand glass out;
Why undeserved mercy shun
For things of nought?

For, oh! how awful to relate
What's sure to be the drunkard's fate,
If he reject God's mercy great,
His soul shall go
Into—and be his endless state—
The pit of woe.

Why should you, induced with reason,
Against your maker live in treason,
Denying yourselves the blooming season
Of restoration,
Choosing rather close relation
With damnation.

Inebriating liquors shun,
After this vice no longer run ;
The love of all you yet may win.
The entrance
Is by becoming a true son
Of temperance.

Lines Addressed to a Prodigal Son.

Young man, you're here upon the brink
Of an unchanging state ;
God's calling now on you to think
Before it is too late.

A state of happiness or woe
Thy portion soon shall be ;
Be saved, or lost, you soon must go
Into eternity.

Another glass may seal thy doom
To everlasting woe,
Where God's grace doth never come,
Or mercy ever go.

Oh ! be advised to stop and think
Before ye further fall ;
Abstain teetotally from strong drink,
You may yet regain all.

The grief you've caused your friends, think on,
Whose love you ever have ;
Your father he's already gone,
In sorrow, to the grave.

Your mother still in sorrow mourn,
Her grief is ever new ;
She grieves to think that she's been born
To have a son like you.

Stop drinking and for grace apply,
For strentgth to change your ways;
The Saviour passes no one by,
Who seek his pardoning grace,

Altho' your father's earthly face
Is no more seen around,
His soul with angels shall rejoice
When his lost son is found.

Thy mother, yet above the sod,
In ecstasy will cry,
"Since my son's given his heart to God,
I now in peace can die.

In God's name, do thou warning take,
Like Lot, from Sodom flee,
Least fire and brimstone in the lake
Thy lasting portion be.

Knowing the danger of your case,
Excuse me saying again,
Flee from strong drink, and seek God's grace,
Be your response, Amen.

Health.

How precious is health?
Its worth not known till lost,
More precious than the wealth
Of which the rich can boast.

When tossing too and fro
And seeking rest to find,
Each posture answering, no,
Past mercies come to mind.

Blessings and mercies known,
When they are from us fled;
'Tis then we think upon
The hand that hath us led.

Trouble, the chastening rod,
Affection doth command,
Sent by a loving God,
Held by a father's hand.

Not one stroke more he'll give
To cause us to feel pain,
Than bring us back to live
In peace with Him again.

Patient let us submit
Without a murmuring word;
Body and soul commit
To a faithful lord,

Our light affliction here,
Sent that we may be blest,
Let us submissive bear
And on God's promise rest.

Prayer.

A grace that God's to mankind given
To fit the soul of man for heaven;
On me, saith God, cast all your care,
Come with thy wants to me in Prayer.
Christ saith on earth, if any two
Shall ask in spirit fervent, true,
For anything through me, the Son,
For them, through Me, it shall be done.
Some christians do not seem to know
The grace God doth on man bestow,
Or they would often meet to pray
That God might be their help and stay.
There's some, with prayer do seem to go
And christian duties seem to know,
Yet live as if earth was their home,
The day of reckoning never come.

Heaven Bound.

Tell me, traveller on life's sea,
To what port dost thou go;
I want to accompany thee,
If thou will let me know.

If for heaven you are bound
Together we may sail;
The bark I'm going in is sound
And fit to stand a gale.

She's chartered for heaven port,
Where captives are made free,
Where the holy ones resort,
Who live in unity.

I want the land of freedom,
The land of peace and rest,
Where each do wear a diadem
Who by the Lord are blest.

Our Captain, He is waiting,
Let's haste before it's dark,
And time's up for inviting
Us! board the noble bark.

For, tho' we are invited,
Her rule it readeth thus:
In time not in her seated
Your passage you shall miss.

Doth God, Our Father, Care for us.

Doth God, our Father, watch and take
An interest in all we do,
Both when asleep and when awake,
With feelings of a father true?

His eye, almighty, ever sees,
  His heart of love doth ever move
Toward us ; Tho' He sends disease,
  It is His chastening hand of love.

When we lay on our mother's breast,
  And in her arms she did us bear,
Or laid us down in sleep to rest,
  We were our Heavenly Father's care.

Amid the battle field of life,
  How oft have we had to declare
God's goodness, and praises to Him give
  For His protecting love and care.

When death hath taken friends away,
  We've wondered oft, why he did spare
Our lives, and keep us to this day
  Monuments of His love and care.

And when false friends did 'gainst us rise
  Against us did false witness bear,
Upon their own heads fell their lies.
  Because we were our Father's care.

We've often grieved His spirit sore,
  For which we've often shed a tear ;
His patience with us we adore,
  And praise Him for His love and care.

Sin 'gainst a loving Father so,
  How can created mortals dare
Who soon could lay us in dust low,
  Were it not for His love and care.

Close to our Father let us keep,
  Be this to Him our constant prayer,
Home or abroad, wake or asleep,
  May we be still, our Father's care.

TO Mrs. Stoney. leaving Keene, May, 1868.

DEAR FRIEND :
The time is near at hand
To bid you an adieu,
May the blessings of God you attend,
Through all life's journey through.

Distance will soon divide us here,
Perhaps no more to meet,
Still in the spirit let's draw near
Around the mercy seat.

Your partner in life, may he
Be loving unto you
And at the Throne of Grace, both be
Earnest, fervent and true.

And when our trials in life are past,
Our souls from earth be riven,
Around the Throne of God at last
May we all meet in heaven.

Lines to a Drunkard.

Dear friend, you're on the brink
Of an unchanging state,
'Tis time to stop and think
Before it is too late.

The inebriating cup
Will soon no more you cheer,
The time will soon be up
Of your probation here.

The comforts of life here,
Your sins have dried all up ;
Your condemnation's clear,
If you shun not the cup,

God's Word us plainly tell,
Tho' grace to man be given,
The drunkard's portion's hell—
No drunkards enter heaven.

Your conduct is so bad
To those you should love dear,
They wish they never had
Been born, to suffer here.

Soon, soon through grief, will die
Her you vowed to protect,
Whose cheeks are seldom dry.
Seeing all things going to wreck.

Your children, too, how sad
Among their playmates gay;
Knowing their father's bad,
They have no heart for play.

Have pity on them all,
The cup touch not again;
I hope dear friend you will
And former joys regain.

Many as bad as you
From demon drink have fled,
And began life anew,
And make their families glad.

So be advised to think
Before it be too late,
And flee from demon drink,
And shun the drunkard's fate.

Delirium Tremens,

WROTE ON HEARING OF A NEIGHBOR PUTTING AN END TO H
—LIFE.—

Often have we to give ear
To reports sad, sad to hear,

Of death mowing people down,
Both in country and in town.
Ere they the hill of life half climb,
Or have lived out their time,
Through alcohol, our country's foe,
From life to death they quickly go.
Spirit drinkers, it would seem,
Count their lives of small esteem.
Truth and reason both agree
Spirits only used should be
When the body's weak and faint—
Taken as a stimulant.
Suicidal deaths so rife,
Show strong drink destroyeth life;
Robs men of their reason, so
Headlong into death they go.

A Call to Parents.

You who feeling hearts retain,
From strong drink, oh! do abstain;
For your children's sake comply,
Lest the drunkard's death they die.
Death brings aye, a gloomy day
When friends from us pass away;
But to die hopeless, raving mad,
A drunkard! oh! how sad, how sad!
Humanity doth call to all,
With the temperance cause enrole
Their names against King Alcohol.
Strong men it hath overcome,
Strong drink it hath sealed their doom;
Only safe who from it fly,
Be advised friends, come and try.
Never will you need to rue
Joining with the temperance few,
But bless the day, when life is done
You e'er became a Temperance Son.

Winter is Coming.

Winter is coming, we care not for that,
Saith the rich, lying stretched at their ease,
In warm houses, they safely are hid—
The frost winds may blow if they please.

On the best of the land they feast full snug,
With music their time pass away ;
A Heaven of bliss on earth can enjoy,
Tho' winter his fury display.

The rich, so happy with wealth at command,
But do they remember the poor,
With little to eat and shivering with cold,
Within many a lone house door ?

Who are of one blood and shortly will be,
Alike with them, lying in the clay,
For cold mother earth respecteth not birth
When death seizeth them for his prey.

Both shall alike to the worms be food,
No respecter of persons are they ;
The flesh of the rich, as well as the poor,
Will worms sieze on for their prey.

Who earth's wealth possess should s e to the poor,
The Lord He doth alms deeds regard ;
A cup of cold water in His name shall not
Be given without a reward

When winter is coming the needy supply,
Ye rich who hath plenty in store ;
On your dying pillows you'll never regret
You did what you could for the poor.

In Memoriam,

CHARLES AND THOMAS KINDRED, SONS OF JOHN KINDRED, ESQ. OTONABEE, WHO DIED FEB., 1864.

Dear Charley, ere his spirit fled,
Asked his friends to come near,

And told them he was going to heaven,
Beside his mother dear,

For he had seen her in a dream,
All dressed in shining white,
With brother Tommy by her side ;
He said they looked so bright.

His longing wish with them to be
Among the heavenly throng,
Where there is everlasting day
And everlasting song.

When Charlie words could only lisp,
He loved to sing of heaven,
Loved to sing of the Saviour's love
To little children given.

Oh ! how delightful 'twas to hear
His sweet, melodious voice,
To hear Charlie and Tommy sing
Made christian hearts rejoice.

All children who do love the Lord,
Through Christ, shall be forgiven,
Charlie and Tommy they shall meet
Among the blest in heaven.

In Memoriam.

JOHN HEWIE, ESQ., OTONABEE, NATIVITY, ROXBURGSHIRE, SCOTLAND, EMIGRATED TO CANADA IN 1842.

From earth another's pass'd away,
Who in his day hath born the toil
Of many a long summer day,
In cultivation of the soil.

Tho' up in years before he came
From Scotland to America,

He's done a great deal more than some
That's had in it a longer stay.

Aye, in his face, the friendly smile,
Where ever with him you would meet,
And in real canny Scottish style
Did he all in friendsh greet.

We hope the family he has left,
Shall act through life as he has done,
As free from guile, and evil craft,
And every path of evil shun.

He now from earth has pass'd away,
To where the weary findeth rest,
He did his duty in his day,
We hope his soul's among the blest.

In Memoriam.

GEO. GILLESPIE, ESQ., OTONABEE, WHO DIED MAY 4, 1866.

An inoffensive neighbor, he
Lived to the age of eighty-three.
Changes through life he tried.
He was a miller to his trade,
In youth he that profession led,
A farmer ere he died.

In christain duty he was found
Of good eport, 'mong neighbors round,
For keeping the Lord's day.
Each night before he went to bed,
He with his family, worship led,
That God would bless, did pray,

When man a four score journey's run,
Its but as yesterday when done,
Life like a shaddow pass.
Like flowers man's sun at morning light,
But cut down often ere the night,
Man's life is like the grass.

He now hath pass'd life's busy scene,
And numbered now 'mong things that's been,
Is our departed friend.
We very soon will like him too,
Be biding all things here adieu,
Our life here soon will end!

But let us seek, while life doth last,
Ere our probation life be past,
The rest above the sky.
Ere we with Jesus Christ shall reign,
His spirit here we must attain,
And live as we would die.

Our friend that's gone, did, in his day,
Neglect not for to read and pray;
May we all likewise, too,
Through life live as we wish to die,
Prepared to meet our God on high
When we bid earth adieu.

In Memoriam.

MRS. CAMERON, WIFE OF JOHN CAMERON, ESQ, ASPHODEL, ONE OF THE EARLY SETTLERS.

Four score and five years past and gone,
Ere she bade earth adieu,
Then took her flight up to the Throne
Of God, among the true.

Her heart by grace it was made new,
She lived a life of faith;
She was one of the favored few
Believing what God saith.

She, like her Lord, was kind to all
Who came within her sphere;
The wounded she loved to make whole
And dry the mourner's tear.

Her door was ever open to
The traveller on his way,
And those who had no place to go
She welcomed for to stay.

May friends whom she hath left behind
Likeness of spirit show,
Be to their fellow creatures kind,
And seek their God to know.

In Memoriam.

AILSIE GILLESPIE, WIFE OF ROBT. WOOD, ESQ., WHO DIED OCT. 7th, 1866.

Through death's dark vale all mankind go,
Both rich and poor and high and low,
None can escape the mortal blow,
For yield all must ;
Both king and beggar alike go
To mother dust.

Our friend that's gone was of the few
Who is in friendship ever true,
The path of duty did pursue
With heart and mind ;
To all with whom she had to do
Was ever kind.

Did not backbite nor falsely blame,
Nor try to blot a neighbor's name,
But to make peace, made it her aim
Through all her life.
In youth and age she was the same
Maiden and wife

Her husband did not need to run
Among the neighbor's every one,
To prove the mischief she had done,
As some need do ;
For she was careful with her tongue
Whom she spoke to.

She's left as she did live, in peace,
She's fought her battle, run her race ;
If friends she's left would backward trace
Her life all through,
Nothing they'd find that would disgrace
The family few.

She read her Bible every day
And made the Word of God her stay ;
'Twas there she found the peaceful ray
Of grace Divine,
Which makes the christian love to say
God's will is mine.

DIED OCT.

In Westwood burying ground lies she,
Where all lie quiet in unity,
Within the grave her dust shall be
Quietly to stay,
Until the Lord earth's prisoners free,
At the last day.

In Memoriam.

ROBERT WOOD, ESQ., OTONABEE, FROM ROYBOROUGHSHIRE, SCOTLAND.

Four score and six years travel here,
Midst changing scenes he passed ;
Three partners dear he laid in dust,
Ere he breathed out his last.

He oft spoke of the time when left
With two twin babies dear,
Without a mother them to nurse
Their tender hearts to cheer.

Of family trials upon the earth
There's few so trying as this—
Young infant children left without
A mother them to bless.

W

He was a man of feelings strong,
Which made his trouble great,
But lived to see his children all
Up to manhood's estate.

He saw his great granchildren ere
From earth he passed away,
And died in hope of heaven through Christ
To rise at the last day.

In Westwood burying ground he lies,
A tombstone marks his head,
Telling the passers by where he
Lies numbered with the dead.

In peace and quiet his body rests
Beside his last dear wife.
Waiting the last trump's solemn sound
To call the dead to life.

In Memoriam.

JAMES DICKSON, ESQ., OTONABEE, WHO DIED JULY 1ST, 1869.

He's gone, who was beloved by all,
No more on earth his face we'll see,
In forest, field, nor yet in hall,
For with the sleeping dead lies he.

In Meliston, Roxboroughshire,
In Scotland, brought up was he,
Where he, as blacksmith, served his time,
Ere he came out to Canada.

He settled in Otonabee,
Upon the third concession line,
Where, when he died, resided he,
Where his all to God did resign.

He now has done with all things here,
Who was a father and a friend,

A husband and a brother dear,
Likewise a loving neighbour kind.

For his national church he ever
Did what he could with good intent;
Against her ministers would never,
Take in from any a complaint.

Lonely without him seemed the dwelling
Where he, the architect, did stay,
All things round seem to be telling
That death hath took their lord away.

Towering round the house are growing,
Trees that were planted by his hand,
Whose majestic tops seem bowing
To his memory when they bend.

Round his fields he loved to see
Trees in their forest beauty grow,
A gatherer of herbs was he,
Their medical properties to know.

1869.

Miss him will the quadruped tribe,
Lament they might, if they could speak,
He for them always did prescribe
When they were either lame or sick.

Independent was his spirit,
Honest in the extreme was he,
Nothing against him of demerit,
From sordid avarice he was free.

Death comes oft when unexpected,
And takes the best of men away,
Age nor goodness is respected,
When death calls, all must obey.

Death of our friend a warning is
While living here midst worldly care,
When in good health, ere comes disease,
For death and judgment to prepare.

In Memoriam.

PETER GILLESPIE, ESQ., OTONABEE, WHO DIED AUG. 2, 1870.

Aye first and foremost on the road,
Each Sabbath day was he,
Found riding to the House of God,
A worshiper to be.

And seldom vacant was his place,
A Sabbath through the year,
For very serious was the case
If he did not appear.

But now upon the road we miss
Our old Church-going friend,
And in the Church there is one less,
'Mong those who do attend.

The allotted days for man, he more
Enjoyed on earth below,
He lived till he was eighty-four,
Ere death did strike the blow.

Mong weeping friends he yielded up
His soul God to him gave,
That he now lives, it is our hope,
With Christ beyond the grave.

In Memoriam.

WM. MCGREGOR, ELDER OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, PETERBORO, WHO DIED MARCH 19, 1872, AGED 81 YEARS.

He's gone and bade all things adieu,
That on the earth remain,
And numbers 'mong the favored few
That four score years attain.

More than the bulk of mankind, he
Great hardships in youth bore,

Serving his country on the sea,
Nine years in time of war.

He saw the wonders of the deep,
Upon the mighty wave,
When fear did make the strong man weep
And cry for God to save.

Oft comrades by his side did fall,
Without a friendly breath
To whisper to the parting soul
The Saviour's name in death,

More blest was he, for ere he died,
His Church officials came
And all his sundry wants supplied
That Christian love could claim.

A name within the Church he bore,
Possessing Christian love,
And now gone is he to adore
His Saviour's name above.

In Memoriam,

MARY ANN JAMISON, WHO DIED MARCH 20, 1872, AGED 22.

Unrelenting death, how cruel!
Nothing of pity dost thou have,
To thee for mercy, none need call,
Thy constant task to fill the grave.

Oft youth like flowers ere fully blown,
On them thou bloweth thy withering breath
Both youth and age alike are one
In thy relentless hand, oh death.

The one thou lately from us took,
The love of God so filled her heart
She could undaunted on thee look
And yield to thee her outward part.

And joyfully sing—brave death, I rise
To where saints their Hosannas bring
To Him who reigns above the skies
Who has from death took out the sting.

Her sufferings were intense, yet she
Bore all without a murmuring breath,
All that she longed for was to be
With Christ, beyond thy power, O death!

In Memoriam.

GEO. EASSON, ESQ., OTONABEE, ONE OF THE EARLY SETTLERS, WHO DIED MAY 14TH, 1851.

Gone to the place of peace and rest,
He who had feelings kind
To all he met with in distress
Of body, or in mind.

His delight was grief to relieve,
But hated what was cruel,
The word of God he did believe,
He loved its golden rule.

The christian faith removed all fears,
His hope was, Christ could save;
With much respect, being full of years,
They laid him in the grave.

Prepare to Meet thy God.

Come all my friends, whom I love dear,
And hear the gospel call
Which God, the Lord, from heaven hath sent,
To you and me and all.

The call is that we flee from sin
And every evil snare;
Know that our souls while here have need,
To meet our God, prepare.

Our life here's hanging on a thread
That slender is and brittle,
Our numbered days are said to pass
Swift as the weaver's shuttle.

Man, like the grass, at morn appears,
And like the lilies fair,
But ere night by death oft cut down,
Warning us to prepare.

The preparation that we need,
Our hearts cleansed from sin,
For, without holiness of heart,
There's none admitted in.

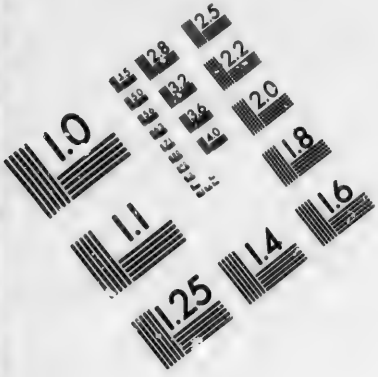
To realms of bliss, where angels dwell
And all are bright and fair,
For none but souls by grace renewed,
Can ever enter there.

In Memoriam.

[illegible], WIFE OF M. M. P. D——N, M. D., WHO DIED AUG. 7 1372, AGED 25 YEARS.

How oft at morn the sun
Sends forth his brightest rays,
Ere clouded is ere noon—
The emblem of man's day.

For oft we find it true,
The allotted days of man
They are so very few,
They're compared to a span.



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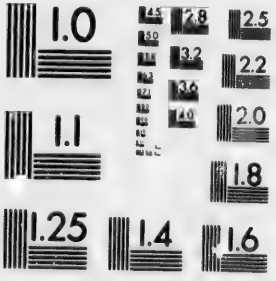

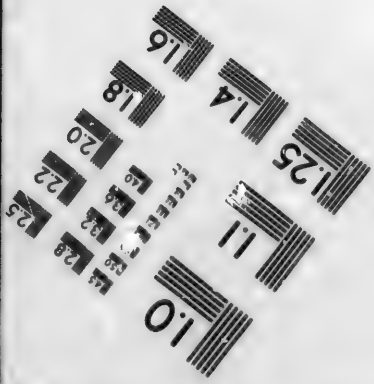

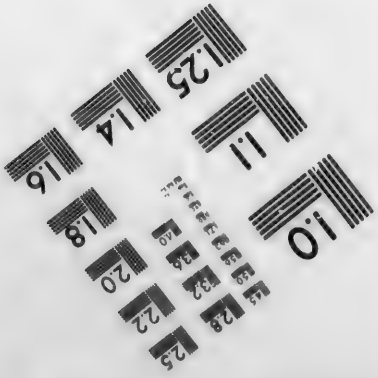

Pleasures of life most sweet
  Oft with us short time last ;
How soon the winding sheet
  O'er youth and beauty's cast.

Upon the first of May
  Mary stood a blooming bride,
Ere four months past away
Was numbered with the dead,

Leaving those she lov'd dear,
  Her absence here to mourn,
But left in hope to wear
  The crown that saints adorn.

In loving temper sweet,
  Her soul from earth did soar,
Hoping her friends to meet
  Where parting is no more.

A Father's Prayer.

O Lord, be Thou with me,
  Especially in distress,
My comforter, O be,
  When cares my soul oppress.

I know You've said Thou wilt,
  To those who trust in thee,
If so, O do Thou look,
  In pity upon me.

For I am troubled sore,
  For those whom I love dear,
Fearing they go astray,
  And walk not in Thy fear.

O turn their hearts to Thee,
  From fleeting objects vain,
Open their eyes to see
  That godliness is gain.

That when on earth no more,
We all may meet at last,
Where we shall Thee adore
While endless ages last.

A Reproved.

Too common sight ! To-day I saw a man
Dressed in old clothes, slouched hat, with blouch'd face ;
I found. by asking, that he was the son
Of one who filled an honorable place.

They told me he, when young, was good and fair,
Was great in mind as any of his race,
But now so mean, no one for him doth care ;
His friends disown him, lest he them disgrace.

When young, his father sent him into town,
A barrister what he came out to be,
And offered fair to come out in renown
A useful member of society.

But he was tempted with the alluring bait
Found in the circle among whom he moved,
To taste and drink, and now his tempters hate
To see the face of him they said they loved.

Would youth take warning by this man and see
And see the danger of the vile alluring bait,
And learn in time to choose their company,
And not, like many, when it is too late.

Epistle

TO THE WORLDLY PROFESSORS, WHO FLOURISHETH LIKE THE GREEN BAY TREE.

Ye whom the Lord appears to bless,
Whose ne'er been kept low by distress,
Of common troubles have had less
Than others round;

Whose names are oft, in glossy dress,
In church books found.

For Christ, do you count all things loss,
Your worldly substance count as dross,
Or doth the world your heart engross
Your souls to stain?
Do you think that you heaven can lose
For worldly gain?

For to make rich you have made haste,
Except to save, all else was waste;
Made sure, the poor they would not taste
Your worldly good.
You've lived on earth as if there placed
Without a God.

You'll taste the wormwood and the gall
When darkness on your eyelids fall,
And death around your heartstrings crawl;
You'll then espy
This world, is not your all and all,
When you must die.

Oh! friends take warning, do thou flee
From wrath, while there is hope for thee;
Think of God's grace, boundless and free,
To sinners given.
Reject it not, or else you'll be
Shut out of heaven.

Do not your talents thus abuse,
God's mercy do not thou refuse;
God waits, His spirit to infuse,
Do not deny;
Chance of to-day, oh! do not lose
Before you die.

Worldlings like you, they sometimes die
And leave this world without a sigh,
To seek the Lord, some others try.
Then pass away;
Only when death seems to be nigh
They'll try to pray.

Saying they will never sin again
If God will free them from their pain,
From worldliness they would refrain,
That's been their sin;
They all their substance would give then
Heaven to win.

Through life, excuse, "they could not" come
Until some earthly work was done,
And thus they on and on did roam
From grace and heaven;
Until laid in the silent tomb—
Died unforgiven.

Lines

ADDRESSED TO THOSE WHO STOPPED A TEA MEETING FROM BEING HELD IN THE CHURCH, GOT UP IN FAVOR OF THE TEMPERANCE CAUSE.

Dear friends, what harm could it do,
Either unto church or you,
Folks to meet there and social be,
In friendship o'er a wee drap tea,
Had tea that nasty dirty fume
Which from old whiskey barrels come,
Ye might then with good reason say,
By all means keep the tea away.
Some are, who ought to be holy:
Often o'er a wee drap jolly,
Regardless tho' a near relation
Be brought to lasting condemnation,
By the over ruling evil
That leads many to the devil,
To be wise, scan the Gospel laws,
God's Word will show who's is the cause
Ye might be found thus fighting man,
Impeding a providential plan
To save some of the human race
And b ing them under Gospel grace.
Think when you casty our scoffs abroad,
Ye be not fighting against God.

The Covenanters of Scotland.

Ever would they face a foe,
Rather than to idols bow,
Claiming on their native sod,
Liberty to worship God.
Rather did they choose to die
Than the God of truth deny.
On the gibbet, at the stake,
Hundreds perished for Christ's sake.
'Mong these, Hamilton the brave
And Holy Wishart, meek and grave.
The best and holiest among men
For preaching Christ were cruely slain.
There's no nation, history saith,
Where men stood out for the faith
Like Scotland, 'mong the powers that be,
To gain conscience liberty.

In defiance of the powers that were arrayed against them, the ejected Ministers of Scotland had undauntedly persisted in their determination to assert their claim to the enjoyment of civil liberty and religious freedom. In the glens, woods caves nd on the mountains of their native land, they congregated in defiance of the injunctions issued against them, and when circumstances required it, they unhesitatingly seized the sword and fought in defense of those liberties to which they deemed themselves entitled. It was to the Covenanters that Scotland now owes the preservation of her most sacred rights, and was the same spirit which animated Jenny Geddes when she threw her three legged stool at the head of the Dean who dared "To preach mass at her lug" that Scotchmen have been able to command the admiration of other nations.

Epistle

TO JOHN W——— ESQ., SEPT., 6, 1870.

Dear Johnnie, I hae got safe hame,
But dinna tak it ill,
Tho' I hae wrot t'every ane
Ere this time but ye'r sel.

Tho' last, not least, among them a',
A real friend I you deem,
While in your company I saw
Enough you to esteem.

Nae friend I hae could be mair kin',
  Than you was unto me,
You an' your's I'll ever min'
  Until the day I dee.

May He wha rules aboon, you keep
  An' a' ye'r family dear,
Bath when awake an when asleep,
  Be ye his special care.

I hope your mistress safe an' sound,
  Hae got back frae the sea,
That she enjoyed her jaunting round,
  An' cam' back weel t' thee.

Unto yer mither dear I send
  The best wishes I have,
On earth hae peace, till life here end,
  An' Heaven beyond the grave.

This short epistle, scrawled in rhyme,
  I hope that you'll excuse,
A longer ane ye'll get next time,
  If this ye no refuse.

So for the present, fare-ye-well,
  Write me when ye get this,
Just anything that please yersel,
  An' mind that my address

Is Alex Graham, Otonabee,
Post Office Keene, concession three,
In order that it rightly go,
Put down County Peterboro.

Carrier Boy's Address.

We hail thee patrons, ever dear,
Wishing you all a good New Year.
God bless you in basket and store,
You and your families ever more.

In you as friends we will rejoice,
When you shall bless us Carrier Boys.
We through the year have worn our shoes,
Bringing to you the public news,
But tho' the old year's past and gone
We hope you'll bid us carry on,
Our paper this year you will see,
Will very much improved be,
All public news, moral and fit,
Our Editor will try to get,
But what is loose, immoral and vile,
Our paper with such he'll not soil.
It is his purpose and intent,
Attention give to all news sent,
None of them shall have reason to say
That he cast what was truth away.
To test the truth of what we tell.
Continue to take our paper still,
We leave you this, kind patrons dear,
Wishing you all a good New Year.

The Dying Man,

Come near ye mortal ones of earth,
And see a brother die,
The sentence too upon you's past,
The executioner nigh.

And know when on the dying ye look
Ye who 'gainst friends hath striven,
There's unity within the grave,
And no discord in Heaven.

Still as the grave let each one be,
See how he heaves a sigh.
It seems, and must be, hard hard work,
For sinful man to die.

A word of comfort, give the soul
Before it pass away,

And leave its earthly tenement
To moulder in the clay.

To him a word of comfort speak,
His time will soon be past,
The heaving breast, and laboring breath,
Show he is near his last.

The face is turning ashy pale,
Cold drops are on the brow,
The mouth it opens but to gasp,
Earth's nothing to him now.

Speak soft and low, let no harsh sound,
Grate on the dying's ear,
But let the spirit go in peace,
From all its troubles here.

The last long breath is drawn, he's gone,
The sunken eyes declare,
No more his soul to earth shall cleave,
Its done with earthly earthly care.

Let all that's seen a death bed scene,
Had dear friends from them riven,
Make sure through life, before they die
That they are heirs of Heaven.

Human Life.

In human life, is constant strife,
Something to make us sad.
A constant strife, through all our life,
Between the good and bad.

When we review, our history through,
'Mong scenes of changes rife,
With many a one, thing left undone,
Throughout our pilgrim life.

Wise behind hand, we've often found
To give us grief and pain,
Yet after all, did often fall
Into the same again.

If good resolved, were always solved,
And into action brought,
Less we'd respect, when we looked back
On wisdom dearly bought.

He is a fool, who has no rule
To guide him in his way,
Our only guide, o're life's rough tide
To make God's Word our stay.

Would we a life, free from all strife
Enjoy on earth below,
In Jesus' love, to live and move,
Him as our Saviour know.

Misers.

Why is the gift of wealth bestowed
On men with hearts like stone,
A blessing to themselves its not,
A benefit to none.

What they possess to them's a God!
It worship and adore.
According as their wealth increase,
Grows their desire for more.

The field to field, and house to house,
Some in possession have,
They never seem to have enough!
Their desire's like the grave.

Such like the misers are, whose gold
Becomes their winding sheet,
Tho' loud for help he called when dying,
His voice did no ear meet.

Through a trap-hole when counting of
His gold, low down he fell,
Died covered with his muchloved coin,
Within a filthy cell.

Such souls are very poor indeed,
Their smallness none can tell,
Numbers of them, some think, would have
Room in a walnut shell.

To grab in all their pleasure here,
But when god doth them call
They with the christian cannot say,
Christ is their all in all.

Example.

Careful should we always be,
Our example to be free
From being in the least a gin
To lead others into sin.
True to God and conscience then
Let us from all ill refrain,
Flee the common customs rife,
That is shortening precious life.
Strong drink which ruins man alway
For time and eternity;
Where it's used much, there are
Many a conflicting jar.
Crimes that would a savage stun,
Hath been by inebriates done;
Blackest deeds, ever worded,
In crime's book e'er recorded.
If there came a foreign foe
Caused the half amount of woe,
How our Government would frown
And raise means to put them down.
Government drink traffic owns,
Grants its sale in in all our towns,
Altho' police, night and day,
Have to guard the public way.

When after generations look
Into crime and liquor's book,
Well may they say, 'twas a shame
First to tempt and then to blame.

Alcohol.

Spirit thou, of man's invention,
All thy doings who can mention,
The land with crime thou art filling,
Men and women daily killing
Many hearts through thee doth mourn,
Wishing that they'd ne'er been born;
Wives and widows sitting lone,
Their earthly comforts, through thee, gone.
Almost every morning paper
Brings us news of some poor creature
Who to death, by means appaling.
Are through thee daily falling.
Spirit thou, of man's invention,
All thy doings, who can mention,
Destroyer of man's noblest parts
Murd'rer of many generous hearts.
Man's angel part thou doth destroy
Till his own ways himself annoy,
When, horror stricken, he looks back
On life misspent, a gloomy track,
He sees despair of blackest gloom
His only prospect and his doom.
The curtain drops, the scene is o'er,
Weeping friends, his death deplore

To Christians.

Surely in the christian breast
Pity for the fallen rest,
To use all the means they can
To save fallen, brother man.
Sentence on the drunkard past
By the judge whose word stands fast;

From heaven excluded they shall be.
A warning this, for all to flee
From what ruins man in all,
Both in body and in soul.
When our legislators know
Miseries from these liquors flow,
All as one why do they not
'Gainst the liquor traffic vote,
All of them pretend to feel
Anxious for the country's weal;
If they stopped the liquor trade
Many sad hearts would be glad,
More thriving families we'd see
And more peace and unity.
Mothers would their blessings give,
Wives would wish them long to live,
Doing what they ought to do
They would have god's blessing too.

Stonebee Brigg,

THE AULD AND NEW, 1872.

Foul fa' the loon, wha' burnt doun
The auld substantial brigg,
'Twould serve him weel, the ugly chiel,
To chain him by the leg.

Or serve him right to gae'm a fright,
A dook into the stream,
There him sweal till he cry he'll
Ne'er do the like again.

The guilty one, who the burning done,
Ought to be punished sore;
We hope that he will found out be,
Put where he'll burn no more.

The new brigg has got an iron coat,
They cannot burn it down,
But much ado its cost, I trow,
And expense to the town.

We hope it long will stand out strong,
That there may be no blame
On Davis and Whyte, who made it right,
But rather raise their fame.

A Traveller's Account of Scotland and Scotchmen.

In Scotland I sometime did live,
Through much of it I rode,
And really the is the people seemed
Truly to worship God.

The Sabbath day is strictly kept,
All quiet upon that day,
No pleasure carriages you'll see,
Nor children at their play,

I've be r through other countries,
But none like it I've seen;
Scotland, for strict morality
Beats every place I've been.

Some talk of drunken Scotland,
And try to make her odd,
That her people drunkards are
And do not worship God.

Of these no doubt she has her share,
But few of them you'll meet,
The morals of the general mass
Keep drunkard's off the street.

Firmness of purpose rule the Scotch,
The cause that we to-day
So many thriving Scotchmen see
Throughout America.

An independent spirit,
Possess the Scotchman's breast,
And if he cannot live as such,
He's far from being at rest.

Whatever purchase he doth make
In country or in town,
He's not content until it be
In justice called his own.

In Memoriam to James Wilson.

No more is seen upon the road,
Stick in hand trudging on,
Old Jimmie, his last march has trode,
For he is dead and gone.

Now lying under earth's cold mould,
As soft as they who through
Their lives, made their chief object gold,
Their duty to pursue.

Friends do not need for Jimmie's gold,
At others vend their spleen;
But, pleasant thoughts, when he was old
They kept him whole and clean.

Old Jimmie with the world is done,
And better far than they
Who into bankruptcy have run,
Left friends their debts to pay.

He's gone and many a mile he's trod,
On earth this sixty year,
He's rendered his account to God:
We've yet to do that here.

In Memoriam.

MARGARET THOMSON, WIFE OF GEO. RASSON, ESQ., ONE OF THE EARLY SETTLERS IN OTONABI, WHO DIED AUG. 9, 1870, AGED 85 YEARS.

Man like a stalk of corn doth rise,
He grows mature, gets ripe and dies;

It was so with our aged friend,
Was fully ripe before her end ;

Four score and five years did she know,
Ere death did strike the mortal blow ;
Prolific were the seed she bore,
Which garnered is in many a door.

Grandchildren's children did she see
Ere death did set her spirit free
From worldly troubles cares and strife,
And closed the scene of mortal life.

A christian character she bore
Her God and saviour did adore;
On earth she lived a life of faith,
She loved her saviour, feared not death.

She often thought upon the day
When she from earth would pass away,
And when it came, in heart could sing,
" Grave, where's thy victory, Death, thy sting."

Memorandum.

As far back as we've heard or read,
Or our experience hae us led,
That Scotchmen, when they ither greet,
Are unco clanish when they meet.
Years hae past by, and no a few,
Since that I read in the *Review*
A piece o' poetry in Scotch ;
My clanish spirit it did touch.
Thought I, wha can the writer be,
The face o'm I wid like to see ;
I spear'd and found out very soon
He was a farmer in Smithtoun.
I thought a crack wi' 'em may be yet,
Some future time I'll try an' get.
This was the wish within my mind
An' their remained till I did find

My wish realized ; him I hae met
But hae not got a right crack yet.
I've promised him and he has me,
At ither houses meet shall we,
Where Scottish friendship without guile
Shall there be pledged in Scottish style.
An' tell o' a' our ups and douns,
An' crack about auld country touns,
An' a' the trials we've happened wi'
Since we crossed the Atlantic sea.
Tho' o' our native home bereft,
We're better here than whar we left ;
Each o' us a piece o' lan' hae got
On which we've raised a little cot,
Hae lan' t' plew an' horse to do it,
An' as yet, hae had seed to sow it.
If still in Scotland, ten t' ane,
O' lan' an' houses we'd had nane ;
Wi' most in Scotland lan's nae got
Until the kirkyard bit's their lot.
The youngsters, too, are better here,
As servants, they serve not in fear ;
Aristocracy does not fit
Folks in America as yet.
Servant Jock's as guid as master John,
An' dukes an' earls are unknown;
Tennants are no abashed and feared
To speak in company wi' their laird,
Nor need, when meetin', beck an' bow,
An honor him wi' great ado.
Wi' folks here in every station
There is more equalization ;
Here money makes not asses men,
So does not suit the upper ten.
Old country masters hae come here,
'Neath former servants to appear ;
Ir they came here they could nae eat
At the same table getting meat,
I e e th y ve to sit with servant Jack,
At the same table eat and crack.

Pride.

Where created hast thou been?
Question answered when its seen;
Who broke first his maker's will,
Lost a heaven, found a hell.
Holy was he at first made,
Was among the highest grade;
Praised his maker's matchless worth,
When the morning star shone forth.
Nothing was made 'twould annoy,
Angel's praise was perfect joy.
While their maker's praise they sung,
Foul rebellion it up sprung
In heart of one of the host,
For the which he heaven lost,
And, also, those who with him went
Against their maker with intent.
From God's face they had to fly,
Bear the wrath of the Most High;
Why he was allowed to go
And tempt Eve we do not know.
Adam and Eve perfect stood
In the image of their God,
Holy and happy were they both.
Knew not what 'twas to be wroth.
Satan seemed them to envy
The cause why he made the lie;
That they, like himself and host,
Through rebellion might be lost.
He told Eve they'd wiser be
If they took fruit from the tree
Which God told them to pass by;
Eve believed the tempter's lies,
Proud to think of being more wise.
Pride, the spirit of man's fall,
Ruined the angels, man and all.

The Orphan.

Why do you stand and cry
Said a good lady mild,

As she was passing by
A little orphan child.

My mother's dead and gone,
My father, too, is dead,
And I am left alone
To seek a piece of bread.

Have you not got a friend
To take you to a home?
Said the good Lady kind,
If not, then with me come.

The orphan's heart was full,
A word she could not say;
Her countenance told all
That in her bosom lay.

This lady she did more
By a kind, gentle word,
Than all the kings of yore
Accomplished by the sword.

Two souls were made glad,
Two hearts did happy feel;
The soul is blest that's led
To seek an orphan's weal.

Ambition.

Ambition and pride, they beyond human ken,
Have made fiends of angels and devils of men;
They are twin sisters, who together reside—
Where you see ambition you'll always find pride.
Tho' pride hath ruined angels, ambition caused pain,
We find them still ruling the actions of men;
When not rightly applied, through them ever found,
No pleasure, but, rather, much evil abound.
One man, through ambition, wide up to a throne
Through life blood of thousands, ere he sit thereon;

Lone widows may wail, and the fatherless cry,
Ambition must have it, tho' thousands should die.
Another would be high and love to command,
He's prompted by pride to take a high stand;
He will barter, he'll sell, he will cheat, he will lie,
He will face death itself for to appear high.
Another will murder a neighbor's good name,
Will do it in order to raise his own fame;
At electioneering this practice we see—
One who'd do this, ne er elected should be.
Of pride and ambition all have got their share,
Both good in their place, if guided with care;
Have pride to do good would hurt none at all,
Have ambition to do it, give pleasure to all.

Scolding Wife.

Satan he first on woman set,
With all his fiendish skill,
As yet he's never left the sex,
He's in some of them still.

He's ever in the scolding wife,
Mischief with all she'll have;
A scold when young's a scold when old,
Ne'er quiet till in the grave.

A blessing they are not all such,
Or peace would never reign;
Her tongue's compared to the house-drop,
That falls in time of rain.

But of a virtuous wife, 'tis said
She is a blessing great;
Is what she was designed to be,
A comfort and helpmate.

If all upon the earth were such,
More peace on earth would reign;
The mother's virtues in the child
Are said for to remain.

The Drunkard's Boy's Lament.

My heart is a breaking,
My poor eyes are dim ;
My father he's filling
Wrath's cup to the brim.

He's spent all our living
On whisky and rum ;
If death endeth troubles,
Oh ! when will it come.

My mother, by weeping,
Her pillow has wet ;
All things in our house
Are seized for debt.

The landlord has told us
From here we must go ;
Sad thought to think of,
Wandering too and fro.

Fresh grief each day brings me,
Without e'er a joy ;
To do good, remember
The drunkard's poor boy.

Come forward christians,
Oh ! come every one ;
For the youth of our land
There must something be done.

Example is needed
To save our country ;
The salt of the earth
Christ's disciples should be.

Epistle,

OTONABEE, APRIL, 3, 1852.

To Archie McElvin; the reformed drunkard, who said he had a great desire to express his gratitude to those men who had been the means of rescuing him and others from the fell destroyer of both soul and body. "Had I not become a Son of Temperance,' says he, "my soul would been eternally lost, but when I became sober, I sought the foot of the Cross, where I now rejoice."

DEAR ARCHIE :—For work, the day, I'm no in trim,
An' master ague, I blame him ;

My head is sair, my een are dim,
Yea nae thing right,
But something whispers frae within :
Tae Archie write.

So up I've got up an' gaen a yawn,
An' drawn to me my slate and pen
An tae the wee room slip'it ben
A' by mysel' ;
How I'll succeed, I dinna ken,
Tae write an' spell.

My memory says I promised ye
That day ye cam me for tae see,
Twa verses, maybe it was three,
Ye'll mind yersel :
I'll try, as far as it's in me,
Your wish fulfil.

Ye wish to thank those in society,
Who've showed their love, zeal and piety,
Whom none can blame for insobriety
E'en a' their days ;
But have with temperance and propriety,
Aimed a' their ways.

In gratitude you them applause,
For their example in the cause ;
That, tho' they ne'er brak nature's laws
By gettin' fu',
They, what on mankind evil draws,
Want to undo.

May all with such grateful feelin',
Among the brethren be found willin'
To thank those men for tryin' the healin',
The festerin' wound,
And stop grog doctors, men frae killing
Wi' their compound.

Their conduct shows a christian spirit,
Deserving thanks, applause and merit.
Long may they live for to inherit
Such feelings kind,

An' nothing be allowed to stir it
Out o' their mind.

They are our constitution's crown,
Men whom the God of heaven will own ;
May nothing adverse on them frown,
But may his blessin',
Which maketh rich, none can pull down,
Or ever lessen.

An' may divine grace keep yersel
Out o' the place whar drunkards yell,
The misery o' such ye can tell
As weel as ony ;
Frae yer auld haunts, persuade an' wile,
I'lk former cronie.

Ye ken what is God's blessing noo,
An' love tae join the godly few,
Whereas before, when ye got fu',
When ye were young,
Foul venom on such ye did spew
Wi' ye'r I'll tongue.

Grace an' sobriety hae made you
The evil o' sin tae see through,
An' will the same tae ilk and do
Wha flee frae sin ;
For Christ, the fountain, makes anew,
Wha wash therein.

I now mun close my simple lay,
It's gettin' far on i' the day ;
My stock will find out my delay
If I sit lang.
Farewell just now, I must away,
Lest something's wrang.

On Dancing.

Dancing, a custom ancient, rude,
Practiced by those who know not God,

The wicked practice in the shade :
For dancing, man was never made.

No harm to dance, some christians say,
Especially for the young and gay ;
Were such by death death taken away,
I ask you plain,
Would not a flush, a doubtful ray,
Their conscience stain.

We've asked old old christians, who in youth
Did love to dance : heard from their mouth :
When their souls were moved by God's truth,
Their hearts did quake ;
How near they'd been, midst dancing youth,
The burning lake.

Some say God's Word of dancing tell-
Yes, Herod's niece, who danced so well,
Through which the worthy Baptist fell,
Through her gay prance ;
The murder in the prison cell,
Fruit of the dance.

From God and heaven the heart's away
In the ball room, among the gay ;
Few that frequent such places pray
To God at all.
Shun, who from God wish not to stray,
The dancing ball.

Faith.

What is Faith ? Faith is wholy to rely
On what God saith, for God, He cannot lie,
The Great I AM is He. The mighty being
Who made and upholds all, and everything.
Faith simply is to rest on what God says.
God to His Word is true in all his ways.
Man to redeem, God sent His only Son.
Believe, you're saved ; reject Him, you're undone.
And who believe, trusting on what Christ saith,
Shall with the Patriarchs be saved by Faith.

Hope.

I know my Savicur is on High,
Reigning supreme o'er earth and sky,
I hope He'll save my soul at last,
On Him all my hopes are cast.
I hope because I do believe,
Through Him alone my soul shall live,
I hope because he saith to me
Unto the end I'll be with thee.
United are love, hope and faith,
We're saved because "The Lord, He saith."

Love.

What is Love? It is a Heavenly breath,
Shudders at pain, and grieves to think of death.
Love will not hurt, but try to ease the pain
Of all who suffer, and restore again.
Love brought Our Lord down from the heights above,
His life on earth wholy an act of love;
Love for the guilty fallen creature man,
Made angels wonder at the gospel plan.
What where His sufferings, none on earth can tell,
None else but Christ could save mankind from Hell.
Through Christ al ne man he will see God's face,
Lost man would been, without Christ's love and grace.

Man's Creed, the Bible.

Can man, with God's Word in his hand,
Still say he does not understand
God's own plan for his salvation,
Acquitting him from condemnation.
In God's Book of Revelation
Is found a full and free salvation
By Faith through Christ; for all it's free,
The Christian Creed, Bible Decree
God ne'er made man him for to hate,
God ne'er ordained a reprobate.

God hath no pleasure in man's sorrow,
God ne'er condemned man for His glory.
To all is offered free salvation,
Whatever be their rank or station.
All then may come, and saved be,
Since grace for all through Christ is free,
In Heaven there's room for one and all,
Christ bids all come, obey the call.
His invitations have been many,
For God n'er willed the death of any.

To Mr. T. S., Otonabee.

OTONABEE, JAN. 7, 1863.

Dear Sir,—To you a few lines I address,
My heart towards thee move,
To keep thee, in thy time of grief,
Seek help from God above.

In all our troubles here below
We still may comfort have,
What e'er is wrong, may be made right
With us this side the grave.

Before day breaks, the darkest clouds
O'erspread ere comes the day,
But when the orb of day appears
He drives them all away.

So may the sun of righteousness
Arise in you and me,
For to cast out each darkened doubt,
That we may clearly see.

See how we can stand before God
And have our debt all paid;
But cannot, except we be in
Christ's righteousness arrayed.

Through Him we may acquitted be,
And of His grace partake.

Saved from our just deserve through Him,
Saved for His mercy's sake.

Saved through the merits of His death,
Saved through grace, to us free,
Saved from everlasting death;
Faith saith, Christ died for me.

We then shall know the meaning of
"Pray without ceasing,"
When our thoughts ever rise to Him
Through Whom we have our being.

The world to us then will be nought,
But just a passing through;
Like Joshua, let's constant keep
The promised land in view.

Temptations in the wilderness
Led Israelites astray;
The want of faith in us, like them,
Will cause us miss our way.

To keep us when we're tempt like them,
God saith: Look unto Me;
All who to Jesus look in faith
From falling shall be free.

Yea, through the dark, dark valley, death,
They'll have supporting grace;
Tho' o'er them the deep waters flow,
They'll have abiding peace.

To die thus, let us live the life
Of Faith, and Hope, and Love,
Draw near to god, who comes to us,
When we toward Him move.

Hoping, dear friend, your spirit moves
With mine, up Zion Hill;
If so, then let us say amen
To our Heavenly Father's will

Let not the cankering cares of time
Rob us of inward peace,

But seek the spirit comforter
The ills of life to flee.

Hoping, dear friend, a change will come
You from your straits to free;
To sixty two we'll bid adieu,
And welcome sixty-three.

In friendship, yours truly,
A. GRAHAM.

Epistle,

TO THOS. STEWART, ESQ., RAWDON.

DEAR FRIEND:

No more the laverock now we hear,
Warbling his notes wi' glee,
Nor yet the mavis cheering sang
From yonder towering tree.

For, with our native hills we've left,
The warbler and his song,
And landed in America
Amid its forest throng.

No more can walk on summer nights
Out to Broom End, so gay,
To see the sun go o'er the hills,
To mark another day.

With us now changed is the scene,
From us those pleasures gone;
There's no time for such pleasures now,
For we must get along.

For, from the rising of the sun
Till it go down again,
We must be out to chop, or log,
Or plow, or drag in grain.

If we had but our wonted strength,
We would not be so bad,
But, oh! that plagued ague comes,
Which makes us weak and sad.

The toothache's tittle it would got,
If Burns had lived here;
A fowl mounth ode, there's little doubt,
Would make him write tu' queer.

When his teeth were chattering in his head
And heart was like to fail,
He e'en might thought that he was gaun
Aff tae the land o' leal.

The Ancient Father's.

We do revere their names, that's said
To be the instruments God made
To pull the power of darkness down,
That God's Word might be broadcast sown.
Dark superstition, then so rife—
All had not then the word of life,
E'en the divines, they had a share;
Superstition reigned eveaywhere.
They were good men of godly tint,
But were not right on every point;
As soon as freedom they made out
They entered into deep dispute,
Each cleaving to what he thought right;
some of their views still darken light.
To follow them, we are not bound,
But just as far's we think they're sound;
Dissent from them, we ever must,
In that which makes out God unjust.

Lines

ON THE DEATH OF JOHN BROWN, WHO WAS HUNG IN THE SOUTHERN STATES, BECAUSE HE ROSE UP AGAINST SLAVERY.

Ye murderers of old John Brown,
Vengeance divine rest upon you!
When ye shall meet around God's throne,
Where justice shall be dealt out true,

Ye took and hung him with a rope—
A horrid sight for eyes to see—
But he departed in full hope
Of heaven, the land of liberty.

Where kindred spirits would him meet
And welcome him to peace and rest,
To Worship at his Saviour's feet
Among the pardoned and the blest.

Justice to him you would not grant,
But hurried him from earth away.
But now from reach of care and want,
He shines in everlasting day.

Where many a slave's soul he'll meet,
Who there will hail their belov'd one,
Welcome him to their Saviour's feet,
To worship round the great White Throne.

On the Same.

Altho' that John Brown's spirit's fled,
Altho' he numbers 'mong the dead,
Tho' Southerners did his body kill,
His spirit's 'mong the people still.
In Heaven now his spirit rest,
And numbers there among the blest,
A sacrifice he hath become,
Among the honored found a tomb.
A martyr for the cause of truth,
That yet will rule the cruel South.
Let every one who has a heart
To feel, arise, the truth to impart,
That future ages, they may see,
He died for truth and liberty.

A Picture of Delirium Tremens.

Tho' from the grave drunkards did rise
In ghostly form, with flaming eyes,

Tell drunkards of their after woe,
Unto their cups they still would go

Its been a custom long and rife,
With evil often through man's life,
That they when pressed with care and grief,
Will flee to strong drink for relief.
When A. B. saw his business sinking,
To make bad worse, began a drinking,
The drink did so affect his brain,
That he got crazy and insane.
No resting place could A. B. get,
For he could neither lie nor sit.
Whate'er direction he would steer,
Some hideous monster would appear.
Large monsters crawled, the smaller flew,
He ran, and they did him pursue,
Where'er he ran they with him went,
He thought to have him they were bent.
The more he strove to struggle through,
They more fierce and bolder grew;
As they around his ears did hum,
He said he thought his end was come.
He then bawled out in great distress,
I'll rather hang than suffer thus.
Then looking round him for a tree,
For nought he thought but death could free
Him from the horror that that he felt,
Then from his waist he took a belt,
So up he climbs a spreading beech.
Made sure the ground he could not reach.
Just when he's out upon the branch,
All ready for the fatal launch,
He hears a voice from the tree root,
Crying, what is this ye are about?
Come down, ye gallows rogue, from there,
Go hang yourself some other where.
The suddenness of the alarm,
It wrought upon him like a charm;
It was some time ere he got sane,
But he's ne'er tried hanging again.

A Temperance Song.

Hasten the time when mixed wine
Will banished be, an' a' that
What drives mankind out o' their min' ;
An evil thing we ca' that.
For a' that, an a' that,
We need a law for a' that,
For tae put down, in every town,
Grog shops by the Maine law vote.

Surely no mair will bardies sing
O' barley bree an' a' that,
For gallows proof's enough, forsooth,
To drive amankind frae a' that.
For a' that an a' that,
Mankind will drink for a that,
Altho' Jack Kitsh, he cast the hitch
Around men's necks an' draw that.

Auld Reekie stawd wi' Burk an' Hair,
Drunk prostitutes, an' a' that ;
Her whiskey stills an' spirit cells,
The fountain head o' a' that.
For a' that, an' a' that,
She needs police for a, that ;
Of evils rare, she has her share—
Lockup's on' gaols an' a' that.

Tho' drunkards crowd her police courts,
A Guthrie she's for a' that,
Wha men drive up wi' temperance whip
As hard as he can draw that.
For a' that an' a' that,
Some christians drink for a' that,
Toom out mixt wine an' ca' it fine—
Example bad we ca' that.

But the Maine law's no far awa',
Kind Providence will draw that ;
Tho' men war wage an' satan rage,
God rules aboon for a' that.

For a' that an' a that,
The Law will come for a' that ;
Tho' men wage war, He can them scar,
Wha rules aboon for a' that.

Then folks will meet an' happy be,
An' social be for a' that ;
Out o'er a wee drap wholesome tea,
For ill they canna ca' that.
For a' that an' a that
They'll social be for a' that,
Out o'er a wee drap wholesome tea,
For ill they canna ca' that.

A Dialogue

BETWEEN AN ABSTAINER AND A MODERATE DRINKER, THE ABSTAINER TRYING TO GET THE MODERATE DRINKER TO SIGN THE TEMPERANCE PLEDGE.

Mo.—I can take a glass and yet can say
Was ne'er the worse of drink,
So have no need to sign away
My liberty I think.

Ab.—Friend, what you say, it may be true,
But will it aye be so?
There's many a one as good as you
Through drink has been brought low.

There's not one of the tippling class,
But will get overcome,
They may for years as sober pass,
Yet drink may seal their doom.

The wisest man the world e'er saw,
Through drink was led astray.
To free its ills there is no law
But keep from it away.

Mo.—Well I can say it does me good,
My doctor bids me take it,

It helps me to digest my food,
But cannot say I like it.

An.—Hundreds have the same story told,
As firm as you and brave,
And yet through drink, ere very old,
Went to a drunkard's grave.

On all who take it, it will grow,
All stimulants, do we think,
But none hath brought mankind so low
As Alcoholic Drink.

Mo.—Others may do just as they please,
They are no rule for me,
While a we drap wi' me agrees
Teetotaler I'll not be.

My father took drink, and he died
As good a man's ye'll find;
Abstainer looked at him and sighed,
Left him to his own mind.

To Stephen Palmer, Esq.

OTONABEE,, FEB. 7, 1870.

Dear Friend,—I sorry was to hear
That you were going away,
For since with you I got acquaint
Real friendship was the stay.

For good I hope will be the change
To you, wife, and bairnies three,
Wishing ye weel where'er ye go
Tho' you I no more see.

I'd like to see ye all once more,
Again before ye leave,
And if your change is for the best
'Twill cause be less to grieve.

There is one promise ever sure,
Unchangeable hath stood,
To God's people all things shall work
Together for their good.

If staid on God we need not fear,
Tho foes 'gainst us combine;
We safe are when we to the Lord
Ourselves and all resign.

I hope the Lord is leading you
Back to the fold to tell
The gospel news to sinful man,
If so, then all is well.

We hope your mistress will not let
The changing scenes of time
Disturb her inward happiness
And cause her to repine.

My prayer to God is, that ye all
Be well wherever ye go,
And that we all may meet in heaven,
When done with things below.

What Caused Me for to Roam.

What caused me for to roam
In days that's past and gone?
It was to find a home
That I could call my own.
That I bade friends farewell,
I ne'er again would see;
That's in my memory still,
And's ever dear to me.
For them and me to part
It sore my heart did pain;
But hope then in my heart
Said we might meet again.
Years now have passed by,
No signs to meet as yet;

I sometimes plan to try,
That's all the length I get.
Real friends that's good and true,
Like angels visits are;
There far between and few
To be found anywhere.
There's some I left behind,
For loss of whom I grieve;
They're ever in my mind
And will be while I live.
Would providence once more
Open a way for me,
The ocean I'd cross o'er,
My old tried friends to see.
With willing mind I'd go,
Praying Him who rules above,
For a fair wind to blow,
Waft me to those I love.
In heart and hand to join,
As we have often done,
To talk o' auld lang syne
And scenes that's past and gone;
But, if denied to me,
A meeting thus in time,
With the redeemed may we
Meet in the heavenly clime.
This my sincere wish is,
In language very tame,
Remaining, if you please,
Yours truly, ALEX. GRAHAM.

A Foolish Saying.

"I'd love to have my belly full
When death he comes to me."
Thus spake a gluttonous man, in jest
Aloud in company.

Another class before me stood,
In dissipation sunk,
I wondered if, in mind, they would
Wish for to die when drunk.

For, if they do, no thought have they
About the drunkard's fate,
For very soon they'll be away
To their unchanging state.

How sad and lamentable to
To think. round about us are
So many of this ruined class, who
From heaven, themselves debar.

Dead to the work of divine grace
Upon the heart, are they ;
Past feeling, and die as they've lived,
Most of them pass away.

Let angels weep ! the Saviour did
For such poor drunkards die ;
Oh ! would they leave their cups, ere they
In outer darkness lie.

Flee from the soul destroying draught
Ere into death they sink ;
No power can save their souls from hell,
Except they quit strong drink.

Angels may weep. God's Word may call,
This spirit that's infernal
Is in our midst ruining mankind,
Both temporal and eternal.

It's like the luring serpent's hiss,
Drawing men within it's spell ;
Death and disease are in its trail,
And every kind of ill.

'Mong old and young, and rich and poor,
It's doing its deadly work ;
Yea, in our Legislative Halls
Its been allowed to lurk.

From whence comes forth a ruling law,
Who pays the tax, may sell
The liquid fire to every buyer,
Tho' thousands it should kill.

Beware of False Prophets.

Mat. 7-15.

Odious and hateful is the being,
For sake of lucre will creep in
'Mong the assembly of the saints,
For to supply their spirit wants ;
For such, an office is unfit—
Such has to act the hypocrite.
Men's actions tell when grace is scant
In minister or common saint ;
Remiss in duty prominent where
The spirit of Christ never were.
A righteous man he ever hath,
A will to act in duty's path ;
The hypocrite, he'll rather choose
To make a lie to find excuse.
When the flock's bleating, pasture's scant
And do not get the food they want ;
Hence careless shepherds of the flock,
Their Master's patience will provoke.
Who'll send the careless shepherds hence,
And pay them with just recompense.
Christ, telling of the judgment day,
Says such will call to him and say :
Open, 'tis Thy servant who entreats,
Who in thy name preached in the streets."
" Depart, ye cursed," shall He say,
" Ye workers of iniquity."

Father's Advice to His Children,

At church, where God's people gather,
My children go you regular there ;
The blessing of God, your Father,
Is found within the house of prayer.

There God meeteth with His people,
Gives them the spirit of His grace,
Comforteth the weak and feeble,
Bestoweth on them perfect peace.

No one ever yet absented
From the house of God away,
Had peace until they repented,
Returned, and made God's Word their stay.

Humiliating Sight.

Humiliating sight!
To see a man of wealth
Living a weary wight,
Caring for nought but self.

Man's comfort doth not lie
In what he doth possess;
Many, before they die,
Have wished they had had less.

The worldling cannot boast
When he comes for to die,
When he sees he is lost
To all eternity.

Oh! man, thy error great,
Neglecting of the soul,
And everlasting state
Thine everlasting all.

Before we can love God
We need a change of heart;
God, by his chastening rod,
Us and the world must part.

"Oh! that man would be wise,"
God, He in pity says,
"Consider ere he dies,
And turn from evil ways."

Life here is uncertain,
But death to all is sure;
Ever he's exerting,
Over mankind, his power.

He may come in the morning,
  Before the break of day,
Without giving warning,
  Take us, from here, away.

He respecteth not age,
  On all alike eager,
From the Lord to the page,
  From the king to the beggar.

The difference he doth make:
  To some he will forbear
Them suddenly to take:
  Give them time to prepare.

Lines

WROTE 3RD SEPT. 1870, THE TIME OF THE PRUSSIAN WAR.

It's just as long as I can mind,
  Grandfather in the nook,
Telling us stories he did find
  Within the Holy Book

Ere universal peace would reign,
  Great fighting there would be;
Such suffering there would be and pain,
  None ere before did see.

That three parts of mankind would fall
  And perish in the fray;
That nation would on nation fall,
  To murder kill and slay.

He said the false prophet that reigned
  O'er nations, as a God,
Would lose the power that he had gained
  And under foot be trod.

That the great city stained with blood
  Of saints that she had slain,
Would be consumed by fire from God
  And ne'er be found again.

I've just been thinking on his words,
The state the world's now in;
Such loss of life by fire and swords
Hath seldom ever been.

No doubt some great event is near
Predicted and foretold,
That Daniel the ancient seer
Hath in the book enrolled.

But one thing's worthy of remark:
Where unsheathed is the sword,
The people's been kept in the dark,
Through priestcraft, from God's Word.

No doubt but He, the King of kings,
Before whom angels fall,
Shall show his power 'mong human beings
And rule the nations all.

Epistle

TO R——D L——L, ESQ., PRESCOTT, SUPT. O. P. R. R.

Sir:

Your long looked for letter's come at last.
I've oft thought, what's the matter?
As days and weeks were rolling past,
Without your friendly letter.

Day after day, week after week,
The postman's shelves were sought;
But we might go, or he might seek,
Our labors were for naught.

But when, unlooked for, it did come
And turned our thoughts again,
And in the mind the truth brought home:
How oft our thoughts are vain.

Your excuse did occur to me,
When expectant with desire,
Thinking that the delay might be
Your trouble with the fire.

Your kindness to me was so great,
Without a selfish end,
My gratefulness I can't relate,
Or in a letter send.

I do not think I've ever been
As happy all my life,
With strangers I had never seen,
As with you and your wife.

I hope that she enjoyed her jaunt,
Seeking the change of air,
That she has found what she did want,
Strength for her household care.

I hope the family are all well,
From Amanda to Annie,
And Maggie, in the kichen cell,
Is well, and still with thee.

Tell Mr. Patrick and his wife
I often think of them,
And hope they're still enjoying life
Without an ache or pain.

So fare ye well, be not so long
Again writing to me,
Or I'll be thinking something's wrong
With you or family.

Next time that you do write to me,
Direct beneath my name,
Post Office Keene, Otonabee,
Will find out Alex Graham.

To My Mother.

To thee whom affliction hath marked for its own,
With it thou hast sorrowed, with it you still groan ;
But, oh ! may the power that's supreme and divine
Remove all thy sorrows and make His love thine.
The light of God's face, like an o'erflowing spring,
To the heart of the thirsty, it joy doth bring ;
"Oh ! come unto me all ye weary," Christ says,
"My yoke it is easy, and pleasant's my ways."
Far greater to us than earth's treasures below,
The rich heavenly blessings which God doth bestow ;
Through grace He invites us, with parental love,
And promised His spirit to guide us above.
He who gave His son up for sinners to die,
Will ever encourage the soul that draws nigh—
Draws nigh with a humble heart, sorrow for sin,
And seeks to the blood that can wash and make clean.
As life is uncertain and our days but few,
Let us grace be seeking, our hearts to renew,
That a seat at God's right hand we may secure,—
The kingdom above that doth ever endure.
The love and affection that you've had for me
Is far, far below God's love for me and thee ;
No one he rejecteth, that to Him doth come,
Trusting in the merits of Jesus, the Son.
To the kingdom of glory let us be heirs,
Live here like the righteous, our end be like theirs ;
Then oh ! how triumphant 'twill be for to sing,
In heaven the praises, of Jesus our King.

Lines

On viewing the distress in some of the manufacturing Towns in Scotland in time of dull trade, when the Tories were fighting against the passing of the Reform Bill, when some of them in speaking against the lower classes having a voice in Parliamentary affairs, called them "The Swinish Multitude."

Dull trade's brought many wants indeed ;
Lord pity those who are in need,
Send coals to warm and food to feed
The needy poor,
Whose minds are filled with gloom and dread
And life deplore.

CC

Affairs are surely at a height,
There's hardly anything thing that's right ;
From dawn of day till late at night
The poor doth strive.
All means they try hunger to fright,
They can contrive.

But all contrivances are vain
So long as they have to maintain
So many, who of them make gain
And live at ease,
Regardless tho' hunger and pain
The poor man sieze.

It's galling to the genius bright,
To have with poverty to fight ;
He tries with skill to work with might,
Yet want him stare ;
Where, if he got what was his right,
He'd have to spare.

He sees his children growing up,
Who'll have to drink of the same cup,
And be driven by the selfsame whip
Necessity ;
Which has through life been his mishap,
Oppressity.

The way the higher treat the lower,
It is a wonder they endure ;
But surely soon will come the hour,
Tables to turn,
And give each man right to rule o'er
What him concern.

The Scotch are canny in their way,
But must have justice and fair play,
Which has been seen by many a fray
They've had lang syne.
Tories need take care what they say,
Not call them swine.

Epistle.

TO JOHN LAMB, EDENMOUTH, MAY, 1840.

O ! Jonnie, man, I'm fain t' see ye,
That I may hae a rantin wi' ye ;
There's naething, John, that ye can gae me
Like friendship's fire.
Lang may ye live, an' God look t' ye
Is my desire.

The first time that ye cracked wi' me
The tear it stood in ilka e'e ;
I thought was I akin to thee
I wid tak pleasure
T' write ye'r min' wi' a' my glee
Whin I had leisure.

I wondered whin I saw ye wirkin,
An' at the muckle hard stanes yerkin,
The very bing wis wholly jirkin
Wi' ilky strock,
An' like a youth stripped t' the sarkin
Ye faced the yock.

Ye said whin young ye didnae need
Tae brak stanes for a bit o' bread,
But had four horse o' famous breed
An' a bit lan',
But wis put out through rascal greed
Wi' the toom han'.

That a' the little farmers had
Like ye, t' tak the road an' pad
An' gae place t' the higher squad,
Wha' ride in gigs,
That monny a family was made sad
By sicken reggs.

That the lan' now ae' farmer rent
Did keep sax families content,
An' whin auld age it made them bent,
No fit to plew,
They did nae need t' gang sic faint
As ye dae now.

Such changes, John, must been felt sore,
But the worse is what ye deplore,
To thing that ye now gane fourscore
Whin nature fags,
Has t'wark out tho' loud winds roar
About ye're lugs.

Tak' our high lord in youth and vigour
An' drive them on at the same rigour,
Lo ! but they'd cut a wofu' figure
In howe an' heath ;
I think, John, they wid crawl some meeker
In course gray clath.

Set them t' break stanes frae the tweed,
Feed them on porridge and peas bread,
I doubt, John, slow would be the speed
These drones would come,
An' do you think, had they your need
They would be dumb.

Na, John, ye'd hear them freet an' growl,
Like hungry lions ye'd hear them howl ;
In rage they'd swear an' curse ilk soul
Wha did oppress,
But they regard not tho' ye yowl
In great distress.

Lines.

WRITTEN THE TIME OF GREAT POLITICAL AGITATION, 1840.

Why should the sons of Adam's race
Contend for naughty power,
Or try their brethren to disgrace
Or try their fair gains devour.

It never was designed by God
That men should others tear,
Or lay upon them such a load,
Themselves they could not bear.

We've heard how Pharoah did oppress
And how he showed his might ;
We've heard, too, how God did redress,
And see his people right.

We see the Pharoahs of our day
Love also to oppress
But God, who hears His people pray,
Will likewise them redress.

The Mighty hears and will avenge,
He sees all that they do ;
Wrong doers they need not think it strange
Tho' justice them pursue.

Let all who are oppressed pray,
Pray to the God of Might,
To give them help without delay.
To put all wrongs to right.

Our Lord's Command.

Ere from earth our Lord departed
He did tell his chosen few
To go preach the blessed gospel,
Far and wide the world through.

Beginning at Jerusalem,
Go to them first with the call,
Tell them for them's op'd a fountain
That can wash each guilty soul.

Free it is, and efficacious
For the sons of Adam's race ;
None rejected, all are welcome
To His free unbounded grace.

Many of God's faithful servants
Pity heathen off afar,
Neglecting the many heathen
That around about them are.

Low down in yon wretched basement,
With damp mould upon the wall,
Live many half starved dying creatures
On whom preachers never call.

Thousands in our towns and cities,
Because poor, they are not owned ;
Where found you your master, christians ?
Twas not 'mong the high renowned.

No, but 'mong the poor and needy,
Too poor for the world to love,
Those He sought out and did pity,
'Twas for such His bowels did move.

Go and see yon wretched creature
Crouched down on her bed of straw,
Want pictured in every feature
Such a sight you never saw.

A chair and a broken table,
A hearth without a fire ;
None to attend or give her any-
Thing the dying would require.

Her husband died like many others,
In our midst we often see,
Leaving her with helpess children
In great want and poverty.

They who found her out had lately,
At a missionary meeting been,
And said, after they had seen her,
Such a sight they'd never seen.

And said their pity oft were drawn
For the heathen far away
Yet had often past this dwelling,
Where a needy creature lay.

Preachers, too, are often guilty,
For oft round about them are
Heathens that need more instruction
Just as much as those afar.

Unlike their Lord full many are,
Who loved not Himself to please.
He spent His time seeking sinners,
They spend their time seeking ease.

There's plenty work for christians
Among heathen folks, we know ;
Our Lord he hath commanded them
Throughout all the world to go.

But they're commanded first to go,
Before they further roam,
Unto those who were their own kin,
Their breathren near at home.

There's work enough for christians
That's unfit to go abroad,
Among the poor and the needy
Who know not the grace of God.

When flames are round about a house,
Who would let the inmates lie
And not arouse them from their beds,
Tell them of the danger nigh.

If right to save your neighbors from
Flames that would their bodies kill,
There's greater need them seek to save
From an ever burning hell.

For sure are we God's Word it saith :
Tho' grace to man is given,
The soul it must be born again
Before it enter heaven.

Lines

ON THE DEATH OF THE REVD. THOS. GUTHRIE, OF EDINBURGH, WHO DIED FEB. 24TH, 1873.

A mighty one has fallen,
Go, Scotia's sons, and weep,
A chief among thy shepherds
In death is lying asleep.

'Mong all your noble heroes,
Few like him you've e'er had,
Who rejoiced with the joyful
And comforted the sad.

Both high and low will miss him,
Especially the low,
For, like his Lord, he sought them
God's grace for to bestow.

The ragged schools will miss him,
Founder of them was he,
Thousands of souls shall bless him
Throughout eternity.

The world itself will miss him,
Being the friend of all mankind,
And thousands yet shall bless him,
For what he's left behind.

His labors were abundant
While through this life he pressed;
Worn out on earth with toiling,
He's gone to heaven to rest.

Epistle.

TO GEO EASSON, ESQ., OTONABEE, NOV. 1850.

I sorra was tae hear that ye
Hae been confined tae bed awee
As I could not get up tae see
Ye ere this time,
I thocht I'd write lines twa or three
Tae thee in rhyme.

Pain its felt by every creature,
Ingredient o' our fallen nature;
Felt it is, sooner or later,
By ilka ane,
Changing every healthy feature
And missin' nane.

The infant only but a span
Is seized by death's merciless han'
An' bloomin' youth near up tae man,
They too mun go.
When death comes, stop him no one can
Frae laying them low.

Seventy an' sax winters drae,
Thou hast already lived tae see,
An' frae great pains been keep't free.
Ye've often said
Ye ne'er kenn'd what it was tae hae
E'en a sair head.

Dilligence an' frugal care
Aboon the world mad' ye bear,
For ye thro' thick and thin did tear
Wi' a' thy micht,
An' managed aye tae persevere
An' keep things richt.

An' like the frugal, busy bees
Wha provides for their winter's ease;
When winter old age now ye sieze
Ye hae a store
Ye can gae too when'er ye please
For less or more.

Which eases a man's min' a deal
When he is sick, or when he's weal,
When conscience tell's he ne'er did steal
A penny ode
He wi' blythe heart can tak' his meal,
An' thank his God.

Whither we be weel or distressed,
Only in Christ our souls are blest;
I hope ere this your suit you've pressed
An' found the peace,
An' assurance of the heavenly rest
Thrt ne'er will cease.

That, when from earth your soul shall rise,
Angels shall welcome, 'bove the skies,
You to that place where nothing dies,
There to adore
The Saviour, who the heavenly prize
Is the bestower.

Joseph Metcalf, 1868.

A man with bible truth agreed
Gifted to speak his mind out free,
Believes free grace, the bible creed;
Christ died for all the sinner's plea.

Like many christians on life's sea,
He's had to fight satanic power;
Sometimes like to o'erwhelm'd be,
The arch fiend seeking to devour.

As yet his bark's been kept alive
Altho' mid dangers in and out;
By faith in Christ his soul still thrives,
We hope at last he'll victory shout.

In heaven, with others, sing and tell
His dangerous perils on life's main,
What trials and troubles him befell,
Striving the heaventy port to gain.

May He who rides upon the wave,
He who from sin our souls can free,
His soul for His own namesake save,
The haven of rest his portion be.

Robert Brown, in 1868.

In Christian duty ever ready
Either to read, or speak, or pray;
In church every Sabbath steady,
Except through sickness kept away.

In class meeting always cheerful,
Praising God for what He's done ;
Comforteth the weak and fearful,
As need requires, helps everyone.

Like all men he's had his failing
But if he did commit a wrong,
To confess it was aye willing,
Tho' among the assembled throng.

His head is whitening now with age,
But still his spirit's light and free ;
His glory's in the sacred page,
Which opens up eternity.

Spared to the church long may he be,
To do his master's work, and then,
When it is done, with joy may he,
'Mong the redeemed, forever reign.

Lines

Addressed to two Brothers, young men who were laid aside helpless as infants, unable to render themselves any assistance, having been in this state for years they are both above 20 years of age.

God doth not seem for to let thee
Long on earth to remain,
Your earthly loss will shortly be
Your everlasting gain.

Had you been granted health and strength,
Been kept from trouble free,
You might perhaps gone the same length
In sin, like some we see.

'Tis God that's set you both away,
To sit for years so lone,
Perhaps least you should have gone astray
Like others we have known.

Some parents well might wish that they
Had their sons sitting so,

Who have their hearts grieved every day,
The way their children go.

When from the world you're laid aside.
You're laid aside from sin,
The sins in man God has to chide,
You're kept from running in.

When the last trumpet sounds loud and long,
The dead from [illegible]h to raise,
You then to life [illegible]ll rise as strong
As any, God to praise.

Summer.

Winter has gone, and summer's come,
The birds are singing free,
And 'bout our ears are huming round
The little busy bee.

Nature now sp[illegible]her beauties forth,
On every tree and flo[illegible]er,
Men's cultivating of the ground
With all their skill and power.

The stalks of corn in the fields
Are waving in the wind,
Gardeners and farmers busy are,
Each after his own kind.

Taking the weeds from every plant
The gard'ner is hoeing
The summer fallow for fall wheat,
The farmer he's plowing.

In faith and hope each toiling hard,
Expecting from the ground
A crop to pay them for their toil
When harvest time comes round.

God bids His servants imitate
The husbandman in this,
Be diligent to sow His Word
And He'll their labours bless.

Who sows God's Word abundantly,
In lanes or on highways,
Fruit from their labors shall be reap'd
Tho' after many days.

Strong Drink.

Prov. XX—9.

Strong drink, thou often evils bring
On those who often to thee cling,
Evils that no human being
Can counteract,
There's hardly a more powerful thing
Men's minds will rack.

How soon the drunkard's glory fade
How soon below the brute he's made,
How soon all sense of feelings dead,
And self control;
He lives and acts as if he had
Not got a soul.

If he's a wife and children, they
Are never cheerie, blythe and gay,
How can they when they every day
With griet are torn?
And often wish (and heard to say)
They'd ne'er been born.

Nothing's been found under the sun
To bring man quicker on to ruin;
The evil that strong drink has done
No tongue can tell.
The path in which all drunkards run
Leads down to hell.

Oh ! that men only would be wise,
Instead of sinking they would rise ;
Would they but only vice despise
And virtue love,
God's grace would raise them 'bove the skies,
To joys above.

Thoughts under Adversity.

May God be with me ever where
And keep me from each evil snare ;
May his free grace my heart renew,
While I this wilderness pass through.
I am undone, except the Lord
To me his guidance afford
But in the power of the Most High,
Who rules supreme on earth and sky,
Just now to grant me all I need,
Who doth the hungry ravens feed.
The power of God who can relate,
His love how full, His wrath how great,
Or how minute His allseeing eye
Doth search to see what makes me sigh.
Perhaps just, now while grows my grief
He smiling waits to give relief,
And opening is for me the way
That leads to everlasting day.
The troubled oft he's heard their cry
And turned to joy the mourners sigh ;
Then to His will let me submit
And all my ways to Him commit.
Tho' round me all things seemeth drear
To Him I ever will draw near ,
Tho I through darkness grope the road
I'll seek to none else but to God.
I know that Christ He died for me,
And everlasting strength has He ;
He'll keep those who on Him depend
He says, until the very end.

It is my Father's will, saith He,
To give the kingdom unto thee ;
On what He's promised firm I'll stay,
And with Cowper, the poet, say :
" God moves in a mysterious way."

Despondency.

My grief is more than I can bear,
I feel the gnawings of despair,
For great indeed's my grief and care
About my lot.
Gloom seems to hover everywhere,
Round every spo

I envy not the rich and great
Their glittering pomp, nor titled state,
But mourn my own ordination fate,
With heavy sighs.
The gloomy thoughts I can't relate
That in me rise.

Hope and despair within me war,
And peace of mind the latter mar
When despond brings hope to a par,
All joys depart.
Yet hope like a far distant star
Still keeps the heart.

But how the contest it will end,
Or providence what good he'll send
To ease my mind and wholy mend
A brusied reed,
In God alone I must depend
For all I need.

God in the whirl wind hath a way.
The darkest hour is nearest day.
For the obedient there's a ray
Of light Divine.
For what I need I'll on God stay,
And wait His time.

What are you waiting for.

What are you waiting for,
Day by day the same?
Let your spirits soar
In your Savior's name.

Time will soon be gone,
It now is fleeting past.
The truth of this is known
To those breathing their last.

What are you waiting for?
Jesus calls upon thee,
Full open stands the door,
Open to receive you.

All the sins ye have done
They can be forgiven,
A crown for you is won,
A home for you in heaven.

The world will you deceive,
Do not you believe it.
It only will you grieve
When you have to leave it.

Tho' all the world you gain,
A high price will it cost,
If in eternal pain
Your precious soul be lost.

We read of a lost soul
From worldly wealth that came,
Seeking water for to cool
Him in the burning flames.

What art thou waiting for
Up, up and saved be!
The flames are at thy door,
Like Lot from Sodom flee.

A Call to Temperance.

"He that converts a soul from the error of his ways, shall save a soul from death."—*1 Peter V—20.*

No christian man could see
A fellow creature sink,
And try no means to free
Him from the fatal brink.
The yawning gulf is full of woe,
God, in His Word, saith drunkard's go.

No, brothers, no, we'll try
And save our brother man;
God smiles down from on high,
To aid us in our plan.
Many can say 'mong Adam's race,
'Twas temperance led them first to grace.

What man could see the ill
That's done through strong drink,
Contentedly sit still
And at the evil wink?
God, in His Word, has bid us try
To save our brother, lest he die.

Precious in God's sight
Is the soul of man;
Save him from endless night
God has devised a plan,
Which is to flee from every sin
To Christ, who takes all sinners in.

The misery and woe
Throughout the world abroad,
Call loud to all who know
Their duty to their God,
To save their brother and not let
Him fall into the burning pit.

What makes yon mother moan
Out o'er a dying fire,
And makes her sit so lone,
Till midnight hours expire.

Her drunken husband is out late,
And she is brooding o'er his fate.

Yon old man with white head,
No movement seems to start,
Appears to mourn the dead
With sorrowing heart.
His son he taught the fear of God,
Is going, through drink, the downward road,

Thousands of cases such
There are upon record
For which we need fear much
The Lord's avenging sword.
He who his Lord's money buried
Was to outer darkness carried.

Then brothers let us try
To save our brother man;
God smiles down from on high
To aid us in our plan.
Many can say 'mong Adam's race,
'Twas temperance led them first to grace

Lines.

ADDRESSED TO THE PETERBORO' ST. ANDREW'S SOCIETY, 1873.

Let us the nicht, while here we stay,
O' Scotland talk; Ian' o' our birth,
Whar some o' us hae spent mony a day,
When young, in jovialty and mirth.

Whar we wi' merry hearts did glide
Wi' playmates, oft till nicht did fa',
Then gather roun' the ingle side
Whar guessin' tales gae'd roun' us a'.

The auld folk sittin' in the nook,
Whiles laughin. at some fairy tale
We'd got out o' some story book
The hawkers carried then for sale.

Names o' the books we needna tell,
The readin' o' them we a' min';
Licht readin' oft we min' to well,
Mair than what's o' a better kin'.

We youthfu' actions ne'er forget,
Youth's tragic scenes are minded lang;
The auldest o' us a' min' yet
Gettin' our licks when we did wrang.

Haudin' our han' whar mither lick't
When laid across upon her knee,
An' how we sprawl'd and how we kick't
Fre the strock came she was tae gae.

Yet those to us were happy days,
Our cares and troubles then were sma';
Enjoyment we had in our plays,
Kings micht a envied us them a'.

Nae pills tae gar our food digest,
We need then, or cheery wine;
On kail an' parrich we could feast,
We've relished nane like them sin' syne.

The balmy air it made us yaup,
That aff the heathery hills did blaw,
Made young an' auld clean out their caup
An' health bloom in the face of a'.

The young folk here may at us stare,
An wonder thus to hear us speak,
But there's few here that wi' them there,
Can show the healthy, rosy cheek.

O! Scotland, when we speak o' thee,
Our hearts loup back toward thee still,
Rememberin' o' the days when we
Our parents hearts wi' joy did fill.

Some o' our heads sin' then are hoar,
But while we're driftin' on life's sea,
Our father's God let us adore,
Wha' can us keep where'er we be.

An let us ever in Him trust,
  Wha gied our father's power tae ficht
An' lay their foes low in the dust;
  Bought us what we enjoy the nicht.

An' let us in our new abode
  United be gainst tyranny,
An' vow the path our father's trod
  We too would go was there need be.

But hope, dear friends, we'll ne'er need
  Like them, in freedom's cause tae ficht;
They wha for freedom's cause did bleed,
  Their names we celebrate the nicht.

In Memoriam

Hannah Smith, wife of John Metcalf, Otonabee. She was a native of Aulkhow Lincolnshire, England, was born Nov. 21, 1787,, died April 7, 1873, got religion in 1812, died as she lived, a Christian.

Dead to the world for many years,
  A Christian she had been,
Secluded from her friends long time
  Not many have her seen.

Tho' kept back from the House of God,
  From mingling 'mong the throng,
Her faith and love for Christ the Lord
  Remained both firm and strong.

Tho' racked with pain she ne'er was heard,
  To murmur or complain,
She knew, tho' here she suffered much,
  She soon the rest would gain.

That for God's people doth remain
  Through grace, forever sure,
Which made her willingly submit,
  And patiently endure.

She from her youth had known her Lord,
  And in him put her trust,
And through a life of many trials
  Loved Him unto the last.

When the last trump in solemn sound,
Shall tell the lead arise,
She in youth's bloom, shall with the saints,
Meet her Lord in the skies.

Lines

WRITTEN IN STOCTON, ON TEES, ENGLAND, SEPT. 4TH, 1840, ON HEARING A ROW IN A TAVERN.

What means all these sounds I hear,
Shocking to the human ear,
As if hell had broken out
Each trying who'll the loudest shout?
Fiddling, dancing, cursing, swearing,
Blows exchanging, garments tearing,
Cries of murder loud and long,
Ere the police changed the song
Such before I ne'er did hear
Makes it sound strange in my ear.
Have these sons of Adam's race
Heard of God, His love and grace?
Have they heard that one did groan
For their sins and not His own?
Do they know His groans and sighs
And His agonizing cries,
Were that they might pardoned be,
That He might their souls set free:
That the fountain is for sin
Open now that can make clean.
Shall this fountain flow in vain?
Shall men still their sins retain?
Shall Christ's love His tears and blood
Not draw sinners unto God.

My Grandfather.

That friend is now lying low
And mouldering in the dust,
In whom, when I was young,
I wholly put my trust

An aged parent he,
  But with affection great;
His kindness unto me
  I cannot here relate.

When nature's beauties round
  Were shut out from his view,
With him I always went,
  And was a guardian true.

His sayings I'll ne'er forget,
  While memory holds her sway;
The counsels that he gave,
  How he for me did pray.

I hope his blessings shall
  Upon my head descend,
That round God's Throne we'll meet,
  When time with me shall end.

Tho' its now long ago
  Since he hath gone to rest,
I call upon him yet,
  In sleep, when I'm distressed.

I hope his spirit still
  Is near me, hovering round
To guard me from all ill,
  While here on earth I'm found.

Epistle to Mrs. Haig, 1870.

Dear Sister:

Here whar I am, there's mony a stump
An' plenty room tae ran an' romp;
My days tae run about an' jump,
  Their flicht hae taen;
Wi' you an' me auld use an' wont
  Hae past an' gane.

Sin' ye did hear o' me been livin'
Ye'll want tae ken how I've been thrivin' ;
In troubles six, I may say seven,
I've been preserved ;
Mair kindness frae the Lord's been given
Than I deserved.

A trouble here new comers get,
Known by the name o' ague fit ;
Its brought on whin folk they get wet
Their clase a' thro' ;
Drinkin' cald water whin ane's het
Brings it on too.

Year after year this plague I took,
Wi't every other day I shook ;
It's bad effects hath ne'er forsook
My body yet ;
Months, like a prisoner in the nook,
It made me sit.

Yet for a' that I no repine,
What is God's will ought tae be mine,
Altho' that a the Lord's design
I dinna ken ;
When I can say God's grace is mine
Should I complain ?

Your letter last it did nae tell
How thing's was thrivin wi' yersel;
If you've an Aleck or a Bell,
Or nane avaw,
Or if ye'er gude man he be well
I never saw.

Or if our cousins are yet married,
Or how they've been o'er life's sea carried,
Or of friends how many's buried
In dust below ;
How many death in life hae spared
I'd like tae know.

If ony word there can be given
Whar Tom Stodart he is livin',
What part on earth by fate he's driven,
Send word tae me;
If in America he's livin'
Him I might see.

Another request I've for ye:
If ye can Robt. Ramsay see,
Tell him that ye've got word frae me,
An' to him tell
I want word frae Tom Wilson tae,
As well's his sel.

Tell him Tom Stewart an I hae met
An' twa lang days togither sat,
An' that we might been sitten yet,
Did time allow;
Yet through Kirkaldy did nae get
Near half way thro'.

Full thirty years hae past an' gane
Since we had ane another seen;
Tae both o' us twas a happy scene,
For he like me
Had not a townsman's face ere seen
In America.

Kirkaldy folks a' got their turn,
Frae the port brae tae the wast burn,
An' mony that lies in death's urn
We a' hae seen;
Their history thro' it wis uptorn,
Ilk comic scene

Our barnies may Kirkaldy ken
An' names o' folk wi' ca' our ain;
Sin' they could try tae lisp a name
They've aye been hearin
Folks names an' places 'twas lang syn
Tae us endearin'.

I now mun' stop my letter close,
Hoping ye'll gae my love tae those
Who were tae you an' me nae foes
In time of thrawl.
Praying God who all good bestows
May bless us all.

Abroad, I'm still as when at hame,
I never yet hae changed my name,
Remaining still your's, Alex. Gr ham,
Son o' your mither ;
Him whom ye used tae love an' claim
An' ca' ye'r brither.

Ingratitude.

Ingratitude, spirit of the fiend
Who broke first heaven's holy laws,
Who obedience to the Lord refrained
And fought against the great First Cause.

Bad is the heart that does not feel
Grateful to those who do them good ;
For to hate those who seek our weal
Is like the devil, not like God.

I did believe the letters sent,
That told of poverty and grief,
Which also said they did repent
Their former conduct and mischief.

I sent them means to bring them here,
From a pure motive to be kind ;
I could not been to them more dear,
No selfish object ruled my mind.

They've rendered me evil for good
And tried to blacken me and mine ;
The public slander I have stood,
To fight such I do not incline.

But warn all who, may like me,
Have friends applying for relief,
Not to be hasty till they see,
Least they, like me, be brought to grief.

The World.

The world it is a theatre
  Where scenes not always chime,
But where each must act their part
  Upon the stage of time.

Mankind of every colour
  Are ushered on the stage.
And, too, of every form,
  Likewise of every age.

Their first act it is weakness,
  The second, play and prattle,
The third, it is running round,
  The fourth, scholastic battle.

Ehe fifth, it is the choosing
  What part they are to play ;
The sixth, it is the striving
  Each to have his own way.

And then comes forth to action
  The tragic scenes of life,
Seen in the world daily,
  Of love, hatred and strife.

The tragic scenes are various—
  Some pleasant are and true,
Others of them are horrid
  For feeling hearts to view.

Some actors they are poor
  And some are rich in wealth ;
Some seek the good of others,
  Some only live for self.

Others are insiduous,
  Act a deceitful part,
And from their neighbors pilfer,
  For which they often smart.

Good, bad, or indifferent,
  Each when his act's played o'er
He bows down, the curtain drops
  And he is seen no more.

Mother.

This kind and loving name,
Which youth and age revere
Hath on the stage of time
Been for six thousand years.
To all, in every place,
It hath been ever dear;
Mankind of every race
Alike doth it revere.
First word of every tongue,
When babes begin to speak;
Used always by the young
When anything they seek.
It never leaves the mind,
But clings close to the heart;
E'en criminals we find
With it do never part.
Some dying soldier's hath,
Before life was over,
Uttered with their last breath
The loving name of Mother.
Solacer of man's woes
In her is ever found;
Man would all comfort lose
Without her helping hand.
It's said a mother's love,
It never knows decay;
God gives her himself to prove,
That on Him we may stay
Oft the mother's stood between
Her infant child and death,
Her beloved one to screen
Until her latest breath.
More than the father, she
The family keeps together;
This often do we see
When death the parents sever.
Let children to their mother
Be always good and kind;
Lose a friend you get another,
Another mother you can't find.

Mrs. McGregor's Lament for Her Baby,

From me is took away
My little baby dear
I know in Heaven to stay,
But miss her company here
Tho' neath the grassy sod
Now lies her little head,
Her spirit is with God,
'Mong those in white arrayed.
But, oh ! it grieved my heart
Her to be took away
She was so blyth and smart,
Beginning just to play.
But when death's cruel hand
Was pressed upon her sore,
'Twas more than I could stand,
I wished the struggle o'er.
No more my little dear
Again on earth I'll see ;
But I will go to her
Tho she can't come to me.

Father.

A name that's linked with care,
Full of parental love ;
Its character is to bear
Rule, and a guard to prove.
The name it sprang from God,
By whom all things were made,
Who had laid out for man
The path he was to tread,
And gave unto him laws
That holy were, and good.
Man then, like the first cause,
A perfect creature stood.
No curse to blight or wither
When he received breath ;
Through disobeying his Father
He sentenced was to death.

Since then death it has reigned,
Yield to him since all must;
As soon as Adam sinned
Man's paradise was lost.
Tho' disobedient, He,
The Father's wistful eye
Looked anxiously to see
His son again draw nigh.
Affection, love and care
Doth fathers' hearts retain;
Known most, always, when their
Dear children's suffering pain.
A safeguard and a stay,
On whom all can depend;
They're few that cannot say:
My father is my friend.

In Memoriam.

MRS. BARKER, WIFE OF THE REVD. WM. BARKER, WESLEYAN MINISTER, KEENE, WHO DIED 29TH MAY, 1873.

Now gone to her reward
And cross'd the Jordan o'er,
She whom all did regard—
Her death they now deplore.
Her mind it was tranquil still,
Through all her sufferings here;
Grace made her heart reveal
That she had nought to fear.
Her partner here to leave
And her two children dear,
Made her a little grieve
Just as her end drew near.
Yet never was she heard
To murmur or complain;
God's spirit own'd His word,
And did her heart sustain.
On the twenty-ninth of May,
While friends round her did weep,
She calmly past away,
In Jesus fell asleep.

Conversion Needed.

"A soul took from the pit of woe,
That's unrenewed to sin would go."

Our jails and penitentiaries
Are always understood
To be places where evil doers
Should learn to do what's good.
But oftentimes they come out worse,
Proving it to be true,
That men without a change of heart
They still will evil do.
We've likewise heard of men laid down
On beds in sickness low,
Saying if the Lord would spare their lives
In other paths they'd go.
But after their health was restored
And all their troubles o'er,
They into wickedress have gone
Worse than they were before.
The water from a filthy spring,
It never can be good,
Nor the fruit from a tree that's bad
Be ever good for food.
The heart of man it is the fount
From whence all actions spring;
In it, until by grace renewed,
Their dwelleth no good thing.

Draw Near to God.

To thee, oh! man, who art
A creature of a day,
God doth to :he impart
Grace, while on earth you stay.
His sun doth on thee shine,
Through Him you live and move;
All nature do combine
To call Him God of Love.

Since ere you helpless in
Thy mother's arms lay,
From ills, seen and unseen,
He's kept you to this day.
Many hath past away
Since you received thy breath,
To mix with kindred clay,
Cold in the arms of death.
What is life here ? A dream,
A shadow fleeting past,
A winter day's sunbeam
That very short time last.
All need to God draw near—
Be, while on earth they roam,
Recipients of grace here,
That heaven may be their home.
All need to God draw near,
That he their souls may keep ;
Fall not back in the rear,
Like foolish virgins sleep.
For prone are all to stray
Out from the beaten track ;
All need to watch and pray,
Least in heart they draw back·
" Look unto Me," God says,
" On me ever depend,
I am the truth, the way,
I keep unto the end.
All who do put their trust
In Me have nought to fear,"
Then, christian friends, you must
Unto your God draw near.
Only through Christ you can
Acceptably appear,
For He, for sinful man,
The wrath of God did bear,
And is the promised fount
That's opened for sin ;
From guilt, whate'er amount,
Man in it is made clean.
Free to all as the light,
Free as the air, their breath ;

Free grace for all's a right,
Which comes through Jesus death.
Tho' here it be your doom
The mourning garb to wear,
Yet, for the joys to come,
To God you may draw near.
That when the house falls in
And all it's props decay,
The soul claps its glad wing
And rise to endless day.

The Clashing Wife.

Vile slander is her daily study,
Finding fault with everybody,
Loves 'mong neighbors to breed strife;
Thus lives and acts the clashing wife.
When to a neighbor's house she goes,
The seeds of mischief there she sows;
To blot an honest neighbor's name
Her tongue was neither halt nor lame.
With sanctimonious face she sighs,
Lo! this, lo! that, she loud descries;
Quotes scripture largely, sowing strife,
Oh! how unlike a christian wife?
It grieves her husband very sore,
When neighbors round are in uproar;
They move slow in a christian life,
Who have, like him, an ill-tongued wife.
Woman, man's comforter, (help-meet)
Ought to be modest and discreet—
A virtuous woman hateth strife,
Be she the saint or sinner's wife.
All you who husbands justly claim,
Honor from those of christian name,
Bridle your tongues, lead Christian lives,
And hate the name of clashing wives.

THE END.

PRINTED AT THE "EXAMINER" OFFICE, PETERBOROUGH.